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ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 687.—VOL. XXVII.

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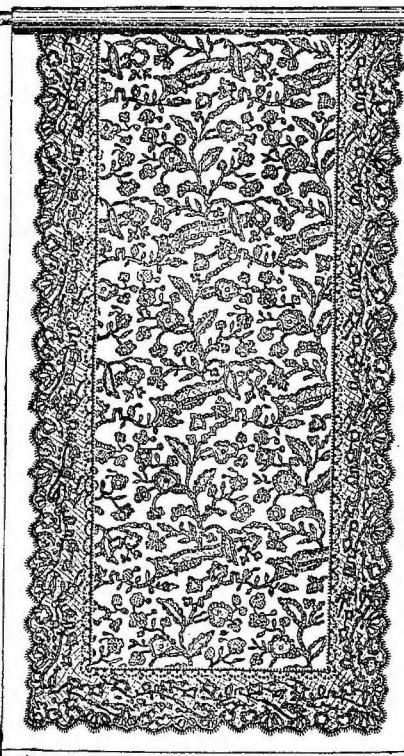
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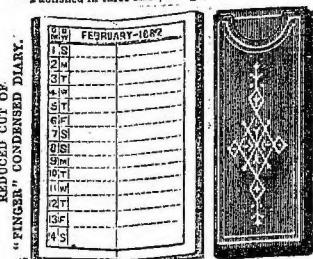
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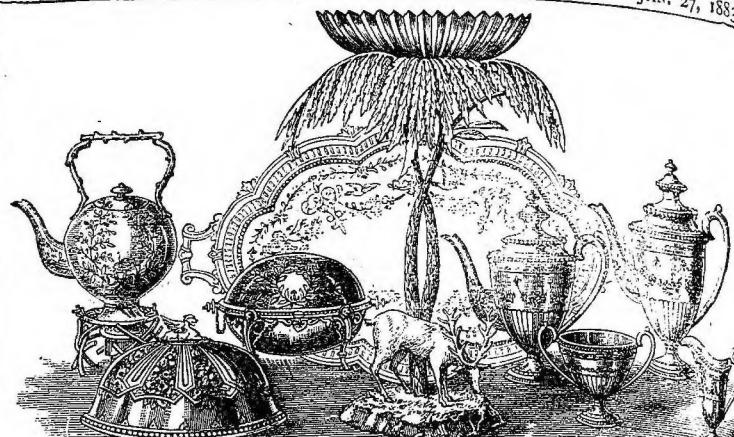
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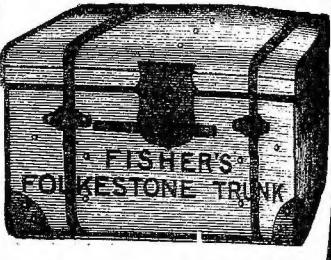
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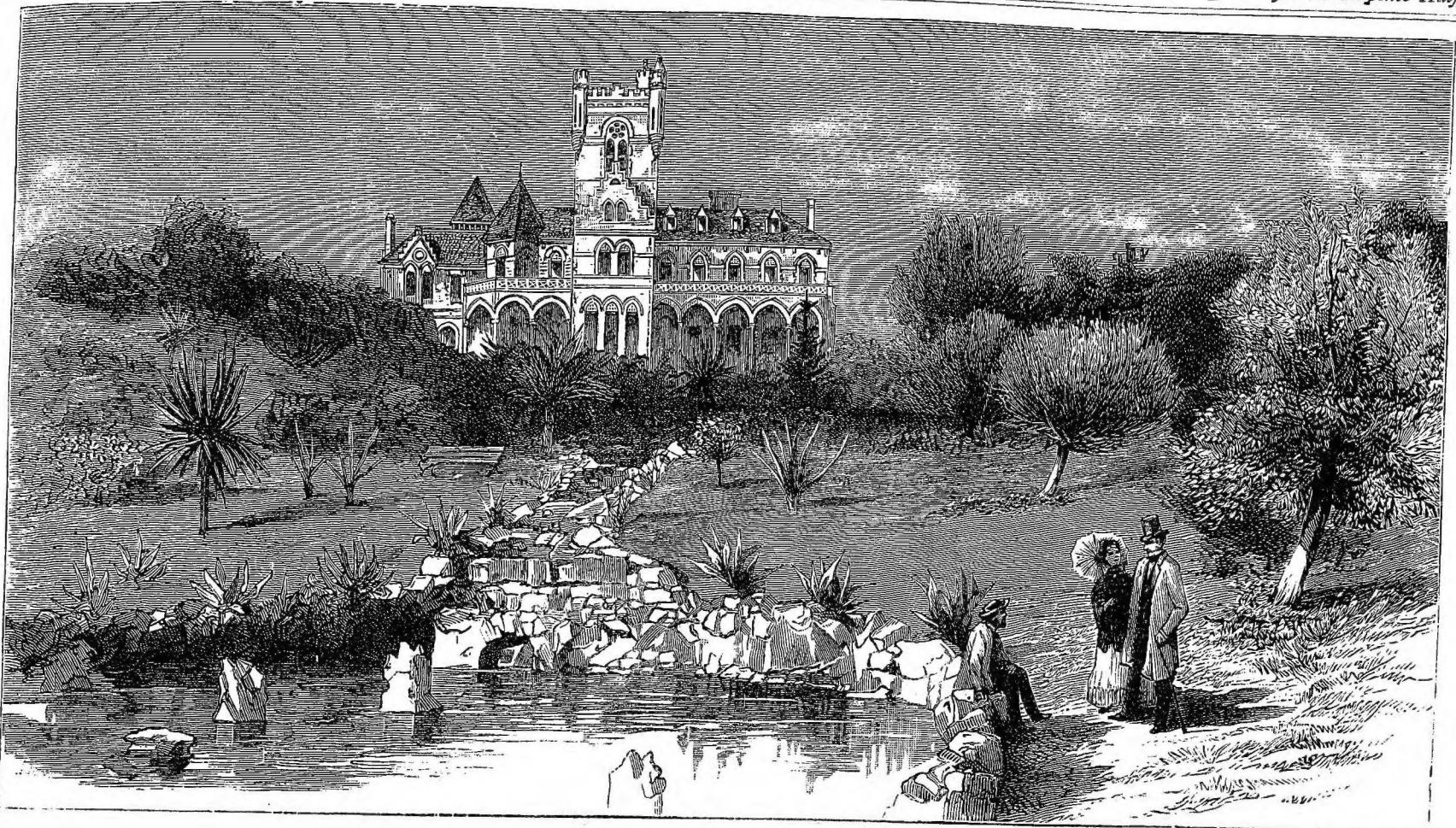
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

NO. 687.—VOL. XXVII.
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SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1883

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THE TERRACE CONNECTING MR. GLADSTONE'S BEDROOM WITH HIS STUDY

MR. GLADSTONE AT CANNES

Topics of the Week

FRENCH REPUBLICANS.—Prince Napoléon must be very much surprised, and not a little pleased, by the effects produced by his manifesto. He has succeeded in thoroughly alarming the Republicans; while the Bonapartists have begun to pluck up courage and to reorganise themselves. It would be impossible to conceive a more striking testimony to Gambetta's greatness. Had he been alive, it would never have occurred to Prince Napoléon to emerge from obscurity; and, if a score of Bonapartist protests had been posted in Paris, they would only have excited ridicule. Now even Prince Napoléon becomes a political force, and his appearance on the scene seems to deprive the Republican leaders of all tact and self-command. It is difficult to believe that the present scare will last very long. Bonapartism received at Sedan a blow from which it can scarcely hope to recover; and the Legitimists are hampered by an obstinate and impracticable chief. Moreover, the French people have shown again and again that they prefer the Republic to all other forms of government; and in M. Grévy they have a President who is loyal to the best traditions of his party. There is, therefore, no reason to suppose that Republicanism is in immediate danger, or that it can be materially damaged at present by the folly of this or that section of its adherents. Prudent Republicans recognise, however, that they ought to profit by the warning they have now received. If the party had pursued a common policy, manifesting firmness without arrogance, moderation without weakness, it would not have been so easy for Prince Napoléon or any other pretender to disturb their equanimity. What France needs is that the various groups of the Republicans shall minimise rather than exaggerate their points of difference, and that they shall learn to respect the sincere convictions, especially the religious convictions, of all classes of the community. Unfortunately, there are but few signs that "advanced" Frenchmen have even begun to form a definite conception of what is meant by tolerance.

CONSPIRATORS AND APPROVERS IN IRELAND.—Conspiracies are, in every way, evil things; and not the least of their objectionable qualities is that in order to bring them to light and punish their promoters, Justice—in such cases more than ordinarily blind—has to grope her way guided by the informer. The informer is necessarily a tainted witness, and there is always a suspicion that he may have been a spy from the outset, and may have egged on other men to deeds of violence in order to enhance his own services. It is but fair to say that this stigma does not appear to attach to Farrell. He seems to have been a genuine conspirator, but he has come to the conclusion (as perhaps will some of the other men now in custody) that he runs less risk from the vengeance of the Assassination League than from the penalties of the law. The possible risk of being discovered hereafter and murdered is preferable to a certainty of penal servitude. Whether the Government will be able to prove their more serious charges against all, or even against the majority, of their prisoners will appear more clearly later on, when further evidence has been given; but enough has already been disclosed to convince the most incredulous of the existence of a desperate conspiracy. The organisation seems to have been of home-growth; indeed, there was no need to go to America for lessons in an art which has been practised in Ireland for centuries past. At the same time, the blood-thirsty violence habitually preached in certain journals, edited by firebrand Irishmen in America, and exported for the benefit of their countrymen at home, has no doubt aided the development of these Societies for the Promotion of Murder. And here we would venture on a word of remonstrance with those Liberals in this country who draw a strong line of distinction between the Land League agitation and what they call Fenianism. There is really nothing to choose between the two sets of disloyalists, except that the latter are more outspoken and straightforward. As for the moral guilt of the murders and other outrages which have stained the soil of Ireland during the last three years, it rests on a good many persons besides avowed Fenians—on every man who spoke or wrote with the intention of fanning the flame of hatred and discontent, and from whose indignant utterances a harvest of bullets and daggers has sprung up, and (though with less moral heinousness) on those members of the Government who obstinately opposed all genuinely repressive measures until they were terrified by the butchery of one of their own colleagues.

FIRES IN THEATRES.—It is evident that the Press must keep "pegging away," as Mr. Lincoln said, about the danger of theatres from fire. The only pressure that can be put on managers is the pressure of public opinion, and the only way (short of a terrible calamity) to rouse the public to a sense of its danger is to keep "pegging away." A dramatic critic has written to the *Times* complaining that managers opened all their doors while alarm was fresh in the public mind, and shut most of them again as soon as the gay public had time to forget the burnings of Nice and Vienna. The critic also pointed out that the rows of stalls in some theatres are crowded together till a moderately stout person can scarcely hope to reach his or her seat. The critic also rebuked the habit of tossing down lighted cigarettes in every part of the

house. Captain Shean, too, described a place of entertainment wherein, by dint of camp-stools crowding up the gangways, "hundreds of people ran the risk of being roasted alive." Mr. Henry Irving is shocked by Captain Shean's speaking (as Mr. Irving puts it) so "frankly and delicately." Should Captain Shean have said, "Hundreds of people would have undergone the tedious and annoying process of being calcined?" Is that delicate enough for a manager? But Mr. Irving assures the public that the Lyceum "is not the oven alluded to." It must be some other "oven." There are no camp-stools nor occupied gangways at the Lyceum, and Mr. Irving does not close any means of exit. This is as it should be, but why did not Captain Shean tell us the name of the "oven" where the gangways are crowded with camp-stools? As to Mr. Dixon-Hartland, he says, speaking generally, "everything is done that in case of accident would cause the greatest number of lives to be sacrificed." If the public acquiesces in these arrangements, and suffers by them, one can only say, *Tu l'as voulu, Georges Dandin!*

which it has been for some years. It may be hoped that the Princess's attempt to make pigeon-shooting unfashionable at Hurlingham will be equally successful. Pigeon-shooting, like wrestling, is not "sport for ladies," and it is certain that, if a few great ladies stayed away from Hurlingham, ladies less highly placed would follow their example. But even if this absence of the sportive fair put an end to the slaughter of tame birds at Hurlingham, men who make that pastime a source of livelihood and excitement would shoot pigeons in some other scene. If ladies "boycotted" billiards, billiards would still flourish, and lawn tennis would only become more scientific if ladies never touched a racquet. Every woman of sense must detest pigeon-shooting, and many will be glad to have an excuse for never coming near that form of massacre. But influences of another sort will be needed if pigeon-shooting is to become the hole-and-corner recreation of cads, like badger-baiting, cock-fighting, and the modern ring. Only the law can put it down, and it is improbable, while the Irish members exist, that legislators will be allowed time for any such purpose.

LORD HARTINGTON'S SPEECHES.—It was fortunate for Lord Hartington that Mr. Gladstone could not fulfil his engagements in Midlothian. A fair field was thus provided for the Prime Minister's lieutenant; and men of all parties admit that he made excellent use of his opportunity. Lord Hartington is so indifferent to popular applause, and had retired so much into the background, that his party had begun to forget their obligations to him in the last Parliament. His speeches have reminded them of his statesman-like qualities; and if there was any doubt before, nobody can doubt now that it is he who, in the natural course of things, must be Mr. Gladstone's successor. Lord Hartington seldom takes the trouble to do justice to himself; but on the rare occasions on which he does come forward prominently, he never fails to give evidence of a clear, vigorous, and tolerant judgment. His manly discussion of Irish affairs was refreshing after the sentimental talk in which so many Liberals have indulged on that subject lately. He offered a good defence of the Land Act; but he did not pretend to be enthusiastic about its principles, or to regard it as a panacea for Irish troubles. Some critics on his own side have accused him of adopting too despairing a tone about Ireland. To the majority of Englishmen he seemed merely to recognise facts; and they are grateful to him for having decisively indicated the limits beyond which he, at least, will not go in the endeavour to conciliate irreconcileable malcontents. About the causes of the war in Egypt, Lord Hartington spoke with his usual good sense. Indirectly Lord Hartington repudiated the notion that there may not be occasions on which we are justified in fighting for the defence of our own interests. This is not what was said by all Liberal orators at the time of the general election; but it is satisfactory to find that the future leader of the Liberal party retains the principle by which our foreign policy has always been dominated, although, of course, he denies that it was legitimately applied by Lord Beaconsfield's Government.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT AT HOME.—Electrical illumination seems now to have attained such a degree of completeness that no scientific obstacle need oppose its employment for domestic purposes, and during the last Session of Parliament an Act was passed defining the privileges and duties of persons undertaking such responsibilities. The experiences of Mr. Octavius Coope and others appear to show that if a rich man, who has to provide a costly apparatus solely for the purpose of lighting his own premises, finds electricity as economical as gas, the public, for whom it will be provided on a large scale, may be still more cheaply served. Up to the present time the stock-jobbers and gamblers have done a good deal to hinder the development of electric lighting. Companies have been started on the basis of patents of dubious value, concessions of these patents have been made to branch establishments, money came tumbling merrily in, the shares went up to a high premium, and everything looked like prosperity. But this was not the glow of health, it was only the hectic flush of fever. Nobody ever supposed that tulip-roots were really worth what the Hollander gave for them during the tulipomania; and nobody ever supposed that these electric shares were intrinsically deserving of their market price. It was a gambling, devil-take-the-hindmost sort of business; and, as far as the prospects of electric lighting went, it caused unquestionable delay. Perhaps, however, this delay may in the end prove beneficial. The supersession of gas is a big job, and demands deliberation. The chances are that at first there will be neither perfect success nor entire failure in those places where the Board of Trade Orders are applied for; and we venture to prophesy that gas, as an illuminating agent indoors, will die very hard.

MR. GOSCHEN.—In his admirable speech at Ripon the other day, Mr. Goschen began by assuring his constituents that he was perfectly satisfied with his position as an ex-Cabinet Minister. We venture to say that none of his friends share his satisfaction. In most respects Mr. Goschen is one of the soundest statesmen on the Liberal side; and he has a very unusual power of setting forth his opinions clearly, forcibly, and attractively. His exclusion from the Cabinet is all the more provoking, because it is due to a difference of opinion on only one subject. Even in regard to that subject Mr. Goschen is not so far removed from his former colleagues as most people had supposed. He does

THE PRINCESS AND THE PIGEONS.—Fashion is almost omnipotent in certain social strata, and the Princess of Wales is almost omnipotent with fashion. It is said by historians of cricket that a visit to Lord's by the Prince and Princess made the Eton and Harrow match the big pic-nic

not profess to think that the extension of the suffrage to agricultural labourers would be followed by very dreadful consequences. At Ripon he expressly stated that the Constitution would be as safe under the new system as it is now; and he praised the last Trades' Union Congress, who went at least as far in their demands for fresh legislation as any body of agricultural labourers are ever likely to do. Mr. Goschen's objections to a change which he admits to be inevitable, are of an altogether abstract character. He disapproves, he says, of a scheme which would make the political destinies of the nation subject to the will of a particular class. This assumes that there is a class which has the same convictions about all important public questions, and that these convictions, or some of them, are opposed to the general welfare. On what ground, then, does Mr. Goschen base his confidence in the future of England, even after the passing of the next Reform Bill? His position does not seem to be quite logical; and it is to be regretted that he should have isolated himself for the sake of a doctrine which (judging by his own explanations) he has not thought out with his ordinary intellectual energy.

EMIGRATION STATISTICS.—Judging by the quantities of undigested (we might often add indigestible) statistics which are published in the newspapers, it would seem that there are readers who are fond of figures just for their own sake. Correctness is a secondary consideration. Not long since there was a correspondence in the *Times* pointing out the inaccuracy and consequent uselessness of some vital and commercial statistics given in a lecture on Queensland. And now "A Canadian" writes to the same journal on a subject which has always interested us, namely, "American Emigration Statistics." On the previous Saturday there had appeared a statement of the emigrants, with their respective nationalities, who entered the United States during 1882. Among these are 83,071 Canadians. Patriotic sons of the Dominion naturally feel sore that such a number of their brethren should quit a region of such magnificent resources to seek a living on foreign soil. But are the figures even approximately correct? We doubt it, considering that the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise are reckoned as emigrants to the States during 1882, not only once, but three times over. "A Canadian" shows "how it's done." In this connection we should like to know how the American statistical authorities distinguish between *bona fide* emigrants, that is, people who mean to make America their future home; and people who only cross the Atlantic for business or pleasure intending a speedy return. If these latter are lumped with the emigrants the statistics become worse than useless, because they tend to mislead.

OUR CRICKETERS IN AUSTRALIA.—*Anglia victa ferum victorem cepit;* vanquished England has turned the tables on her ferocious conqueror. In less Horatian phrase, Mr. Ivo Bligh's team has taken tea with the Colonists. If cricket were not even more uncertain than law, or racing, it might be worth while to try to discover the reason of this change in fortune. Our men have apparently never yet been beaten. They have defeated local fifteenes and eighteenes, and even an eleven in which that great pre-eminent bowler, the Australian Evans (not "A. H."), had a place. Then they beat Murdoch's team, which was so successful here, by nine wickets, and, at last, they have beaten the same eleven by an innings. This is what Cromwell called the Battle of Worcester, "a crowning mercy." Yet Morley, the best English fast bowler, has not often been able to play, and Mr. Bligh has sometimes been kept out of the fray by an accident to his hand. The truth is that the fine Australian wickets just suit our batsmen. Mr. Leslie, especially, like "bonnie Leslie" celebrated by Burns, "has gone, like Alexander, to spread his conquests further." He has been far more triumphant than at home, and the whole team has taught Australia not to "blow" (as they say)—a not unneeded lesson.

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NOTICE.—The Number this week consists of TWO WHOLE SHEETS, one of which is occupied with sketches, by the MARQUIS OF LORNE, of his RECENT TOUR IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.



LYCEUM.—"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."—Every EVENING, at 7.45 (10th Performance). Benedick, MR. HENRY IRVING; Beatrice, Miss ELLEN TERRY. MORNING PERFORMANCE TO-DAY, and Saturdays, Feb. 3, and Feb. 10, at Two o'clock. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open 10 to 5.

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ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LANGHAM PLACE.—(Managers: Messrs. ALFRED REED and CORNEY GRAIN). A STRANGE HOST. Followed by a New Musical Sketch by Mr. Corney Grain, entitled "EN ROUTE." Continuing with a New After-piece, entitled THAT DREADFUL BOY. MORNING PERFORMANCES, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at Three. Evenings, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at Eight. Admission 1s. and 2s. Stalls, 3s. and 5s. No fees.

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VIOLA,
Painted by Sir F. LEIGHTON.

A few Artists' Proofs only left.

SAVOY HOUSE, 115, STRAND, LONDON.

"AFTER THE BANQUET, GUILDHALL, on NOV. 10"
AND THEY GATHERED UP THE FRAGMENTS THAT REMAINED.

The picture under the above title, painted by Mons. A. Marie, formed one of the attractions at the Paris Salon, and is now being exhibited by Messrs. GLADWELL at the CITY OF LONDON FINE ART GALLERY, 2a and 2b, Gracechurch Street. It represents one of those pleasing incidents in Civic Life that occurs annually on November 10, when it is the custom to distribute the remains of the feast to the deserving poor. This picture is by favour included in the WINTER EXHIBITION OF WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS AND ETCHINGS, which will be CLOSED on January 31. Admission One Shilling, including catalogue. Messrs. GLADWELL Bros. have included in their Exhibition several new and important works—"Saint Michel," the finest of Mr. Haig's many fine works; "The King Drinks," by Briton Rivière, R.A., from his Royal Academy Diploma Picture; "Viola," "Pomona," and "Reigate Common Mill" by John Linnell; and many other fine works.

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TICKETS and every information at the Brighton Company's West End General Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; City Office, Hay's Agency, Cornhill; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations.

(By Order), J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.



MR. GLADSTONE AT CANNES

THE Château Scott, Cannes, where Mr. Gladstone is now staying, is one of the finest houses in Cannes. It was recommended to the Queen last year when Her Majesty intended to visit Cannes, and is beautifully situated in about ten acres of ground well laid out and elevated, and commanding extensive views over the Gulf of San Juan and the surrounding country. Immediately opposite is the Isle St. Marguerite, to the right are the slopes of the Esterel Mountains, and to the left the Gulf of Juan. Contrary to recent statements the château is not new, having been built fifteen years ago by a Mr. Scott, who died before it could be completed, and the *Times* correspondent tells us that Lord Wolverton took every precaution for the safety of the Prime Minister and his family before installing them there. There is an excellent water supply, and, what is as important, the house is well drained, while the decorations are in admirable taste. The house is built in the Gothic style, and the rooms are well proportioned, particularly the dining-room and drawing-room, the latter of which has Moorish pillars in the centre. A suite of three rooms on the ground floor, with five windows and a stone verandah, have been reserved for Mr. Gladstone. All these rooms look out on the sea, while his bedroom, which has two windows, looking south and east, is directly exposed to the sun. Mr. Gladstone is said to be benefiting greatly by the change. He drives out constantly, and his appetite is gradually improving, while he sleeps better. In fact we are told that he is progressing as favourably as can be expected. He is obeying to the letter his medical adviser's instructions to seek complete repose.—Our engravings are from photographs sent by Messrs. John Taylor and Riddett, estate agents, Cannes, who were entrusted by Lord Wolverton with the duty of finding Mr. Gladstone a suitable residence.

CARRYING SUGAR-CANE IN QUEENSLAND

THE cultivation of the sugar-cane is rapidly extending in Queensland, and is proving one of the most paying products of the colony. The yield varies from one to three tons per acre, and is valued at about 25/- per ton. "The Australian Handbook, 1883," informs us

that during the season 1881-2 19,809 tons of sugar were made from an area under crop of 28,000 acres. Mackay, which lies about 600 miles N.W. of Brisbane, is the largest sugar-producing district in the colony. The first cane was planted in 1864, and the first sugar-mill was started in work four years later. During the season 1881-2 the produce was 10,712 tons of sugar, 407,020 gallons of molasses; and 82,055 gallons of rum. There are nineteen sugar-mills in the district, and the area under cane is 9,800 acres. Almost all the sugar and rum is consumed in the Australian colonies. Our engraving is from a sketch by Mr. A. J. Boyd, of Eton, near Brisbane. It was taken on the plantation of Messrs. Reckitt and Mills.

WITH A DETACHMENT IN THE WEST OF IRELAND

It is a fact—and not a very cheering fact, considering all that the much-abused "Anglo-Saxon" has been endeavouring to do for the inhabitants of that troublesome island—that Ireland is in many respects more alien to Great Britain than it was forty years ago.

Take the case of a soldier. If a regiment was ordered to Ireland in the old days, the chances were that half the rank and file were Irishmen to begin with, and so they naturally felt quite at home with the "bog-trotters." But now, when emigration has thinned the number of able-bodied young men, and when Fenian conspiracies cause the military authorities to look askance on Irish recruits, Her Majesty's army has a far smaller Irish element in it than it used to have.

So when we soldiers are ordered to Ireland, especially to the wild and remote districts of the West, we feel that we are bound for a foreign land. The higher classes are hospitable enough, bearing in mind their sorely straitened means, but the mass of the people regard us as strangers and aliens.

"The rain it raineth every day" is almost prosaically true of the West of Ireland. At all events we march to our destination in a downpour, and when we arrive, our quarters "leave much to be desired," as the phrase goes; among other things, a little more roofing. When going to rest the problem is where to put the bedstead, so that it shall be out of reach of the numerous waterfalls dripping from the dilapidated ceiling.

Unenviable, indeed, is the lot of the Irish landowner who is not rich enough to enjoy the luxury of absenteeism. Not for him is the delight of basking in the winter sunshine of Biarritz, or Pau, or Mentone, and leaving an agent to run the gauntlet of the assassin's bullets. Sex is no protection in these unchivalrous days, and so this poor lady has to take her afternoon constitutional convoyed by constabulary.

Theoretically, and under the gentle guidance of dynamite newspapers and bawling agitators, the Irish peasant hates us. But he does not always carry his theories to a practical conclusion. Despite Transatlantic influences there is still a good deal of the genuine old Irish courtesy, and wit, and gaiety about the peasant, and so we don't always find it so unpleasant when we call a halt while patrolling, especially if there should be a pretty colleen or two about. She does not always turn her violet eyes with disgust on the Saxon invader.

THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS

THE Institute of Painters in Water Colours, now half-a-century old, has built a stately home in Piccadilly, and will take a new departure in its history by throwing its Exhibitions open to all Painters in Water Colours. In fact, it purposed to do for the artist who chooses water-colour as the medium for expressing his powers that which the Royal Academy has so well done for the oil painter.

In taking this step, the Institute deserves the hearty good wishes of every artist, and may rely on the support and encouragement of the public, who will look forward with the greatest interest to the opening Exhibition in April next.

The Institute ranks among its members, without doubt, some of our finest Water-Colour Painters. The work of such men as W. L. Leitch, Louis Hage, H. Herkomer, A.R.A., G. H. Hine, J. D. Linton, Charles Green, A. Gow, A.R.A., E. J. Gregory, John Tenniel, Seymour Lucas, W. Small, is distinctive in character, original in treatment, and would do honour to any country, and quite recently the members have added to their strength by electing, among others, J. MacWhirter, A.R.A., Keeley Halswell, Woodville, Caldecott, Mark Fisher, F. Walton, and Alfred Parsons.

If we turn to the Honorary Members, we find the Crown Princess of Prussia, the Princess Beatrice, Mr. Millais, and Rosa Bonheur; and it may, perhaps, be thought that, with such a list as this, there would be little necessity for making the Exhibition open to all aspirants; but we think the Institute has acted wisely in taking a liberal course, and following the example of the Royal Academy, by welcoming every artist, and selecting the best paintings submitted to them.

But it is also intended to found a School of Water Colour Painting and black and white drawing, and to give free instruction to all those who can pass a certain competitive examination, somewhat on the same principle as H. R. H. the Prince of Wales proposes to carry out in the Royal College of Music.

It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of this step. It is pretty widely known that since the rising of a brilliant group of talented artists some ten years or so ago, for example, Luke Fildes, Houghton, Frank Holl, Henry Woods, and Herkomer, there has been a lull, and no sign of successors of equal genius.

Let us hope that this liberal action on the part of the Institute may be the means of bringing some to the front.

We must congratulate the members so far. They have quietly, with the assistance of a few friends and sympathisers, such as Lord Derby, Right Hon. W. H. Smith, M.P., Mr. Millais, Mr. Alma Tadema, and other members of the Royal Academy, succeeded in erecting a building in Piccadilly which does them and the architect great credit, while the hall will be a considerable boon to the musical profession and musical world generally.

The design of the building is in the Greek spirit, but treated in a free manner.

The niches contain busts of some of the most celebrated of our painters in water-colour, beginning at the left-hand side with Paul Sandby, who is styled the father of the English school of water-colour painters. Then in the order named come the busts of Cousens, Girtin, Turner, Cox, De Wint, Barret, and Hunt.

The ground floor contains in the front six shops, at the back of which is a large hall. Above are the rooms belonging to the shops on the mezzanine floor and three spacious galleries.

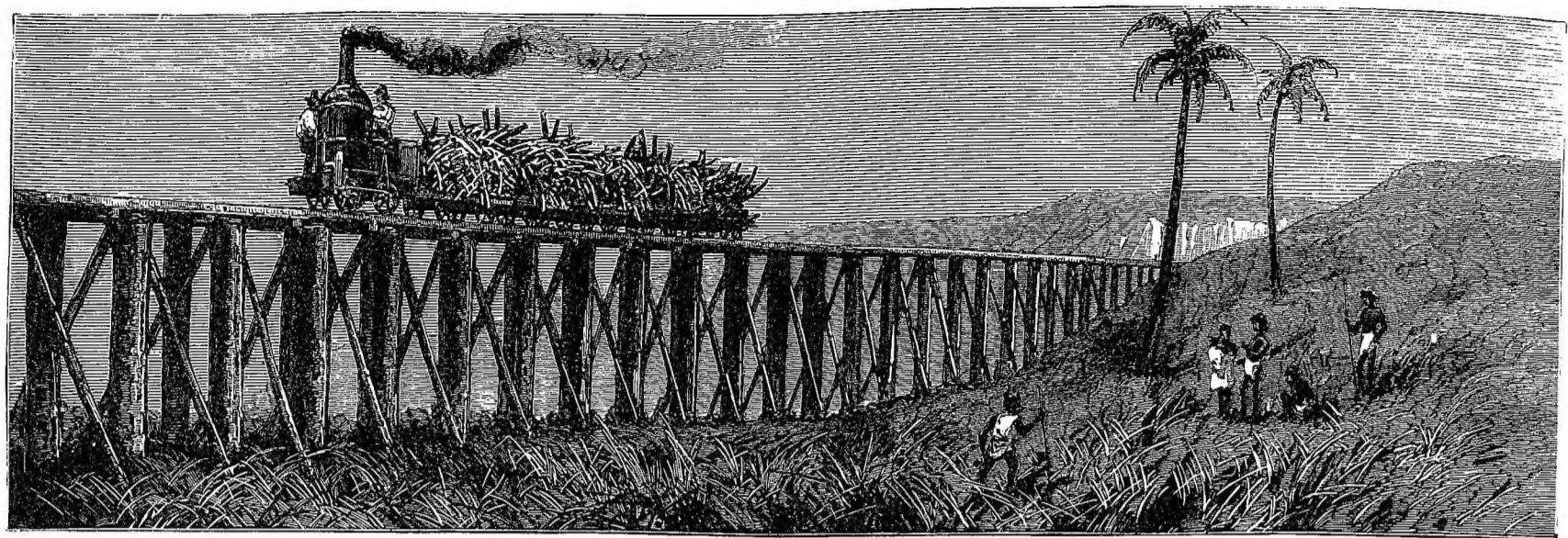
The hall is approached by two entrances, one at either end of the building. The ceiling of the hall is divided into panels and richly ornamented, and the hall will, when completed, be a very beautiful chamber, and well adapted for the purposes for which it is intended, viz., concerts, balls, dinners, &c. There is ample accommodation in the shape of robes and retiring rooms necessary for such entertainments.

The picture galleries are approached from the central entrance by the grand staircase. They are lighted entirely from the top, and are among the handsomest and best lighted galleries in London.

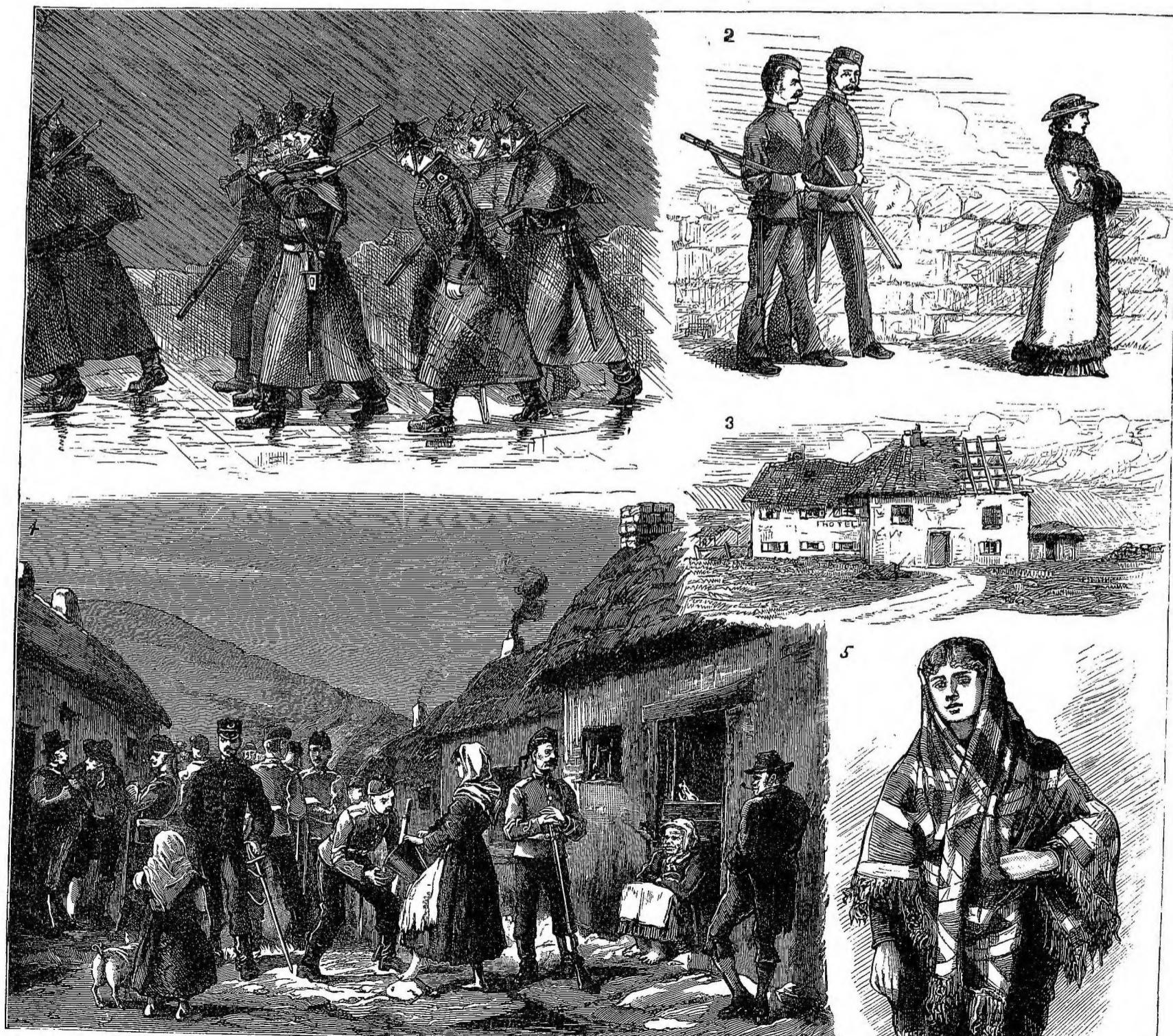
Careful attention has been paid to the warming and ventilation of the building, and the staircases are all fireproof.

The architect of the building is Mr. Edward Robert Robson.

Size of Hall 113 ft. 4 in. by 44 ft.
" West Gallery 78 ft. 1 in. , 28 ft. 5 in.
" Centre 45 ft. 9 in. , 44 ft. 9 in.
" East 70 ft. 1 in. , 33 ft. 9 in.



CARRYING SUGAR-CANE ON THE PIONEER PLANTATION, MACKAY, QUEENSLAND, AUSTRALIA



I. How We Got There : En Route—15 Miles from Dinner.—2. Life in Clare : A Landowner's Afternoon Walk.—3. Our Quarters.—4. Patrolling : A Halt.—5. A Colleen.
FLY-LEAVES FROM THE POCKET-BOOK OF A SOLDIER IN IRELAND—with a detachment on the West Coast



THE NEW BUILDING OF THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS, AND THE PRINCE'S HALL, PICCADILLY

PRINCE CHARLES OF PRUSSIA

PRINCE FREDERICK CHARLES ALEXANDER OF PRUSSIA, who died suddenly at Berlin on Sunday, was the younger brother of Emperor William of Germany, of whom he was four years the junior. Like all Hohenzollerns, he had been a distinguished soldier, and at the early age of thirty-five was promoted to the command of an Army Corps, and in less than a score of years later was created Master-General of the Ordnance and Chief of the Artillery, with the rank of Field Marshal. Nor were these appointments merely nominally fulfilled, as he is accredited with some of the most important artillery reforms in the Prussian Army. In later years he took part in the Danish Campaign, and was present at the bombardment of Düppel, when the storming party was under the command of his son Prince Frederick Charles—the "Red Prince." In the Austrian War he witnessed the Battle of Königgratz, and accompanied his brother throughout the Franco-Prussian War. Prince Charles is said to have been a tremendous smoker and a great patron of the drama. He was also an ardent collector of old armour and weapons, of which he possessed a perfect museum. In 1827 he married the Princess Mary, daughter of the Grand Duke Charles Frederick of Saxe-Weimar—she died in 1877. In addition to Prince Frederick Charles, the father of the Duchess of Connaught, Prince Charles and his wife had two daughters. Prince Charles's death was somewhat unexpected. Last year he broke his leg while at Cassel, but, though he had never completely recovered, he was frequently to be seen in his wheeled chair, in which he even visited the Opera. On Tuesday, however, while taking an airing in the garden, he took a chill, grew rapidly worse, and died at two o'clock on Sunday afternoon. Both the Emperor and Empress were present at the last; and it is a touching trait of Prince Charles's character, that when the doctor in attendance announced "His Majesty the Emperor," the dying man, with a supreme effort, raised his right hand and cried, "*Es lebe hoch!*" (Long may he live). These were his last words, and he then expired with his hand in that of the Empress, while the clergyman was repeating a prayer. His son, Prince Frederick Charles, was unfortunately away in Egypt at the time. The Emperor is stated to feel his brother's death acutely, but to be bearing up courageously.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Heimrich Graf, 165, Friedrichs Strasse, Berlin.

A REGIMENTAL DEER

THIS animal is a native of India, and was presented to the First Battalion Prince of Wales' Own West Yorkshire Regiment in 1878, when he was a few months old, and fresh from his native jungle, by the Rajah of Kashipore, when the battalion was marching through his territory. "Billy," for such is the animal's pet name, is a good specimen of the Indian Spotted Deer, though his horns are somewhat slow in developing. He is now perfectly tame, and has become quite reconciled to barrack life, and much appreciates the attention shown him by the officers and men. He accompanies the battalion on parade on all special occasions, taking his place at the head of the band, where he is led by two drummer boys. His handsome appearance and splendid condition attracted the special notice of Her Majesty when she reviewed the battalion at Parkhurst in 1880.

A correspondent also writes respecting "Billy":—"The Prince of Wales' Regiment possesses a deer, which attended at Weymouth weekly with the band in charge of the tiniest of buglers. There was much affability about the animal. He not only ate sweets which children gave him, but also the coloured paper, which caused at times some gastric disturbance."

THE FUNERAL OF M. GAMBETTA AT NICE

THE second funeral of M. Gambetta took place at Nice on Saturday week. The body was conveyed from Paris in a funeral train consisting of a waggon lined with black, in which the coffin was placed, while two others were literally filled with the mourning wreaths. At the various stations at which stoppages were made the Mayors and Municipalities were in waiting to present addresses of sympathy, and to contribute their share of the memorial wreaths. At Nice the train was received by the Prefect and the Mayor, and the coffin was placed for a few hours in a Chambre Ardente, where it lay in state until noon, the time fixed for the procession. The weather was most unpropitious, a bitter east wind was blowing, and the streets were ankle deep in mud, but nevertheless great crowds had assembled throughout the line of route. The procession was largely made up of the military element, being mainly composed of detachments of troops and of sailors. The funeral car was a handsome structure, and carried a sarcophagus in imitation of red granite on a broad base covered with black and violet velvet, with silver fringe. It was drawn by six horses, the pall-bearers being the Prefect, Mayor, and other official and Municipal dignitaries, Madame Léris, M. Gambetta's sister, and her daughter, M. Gambetta's father, M. Michel Gambetta, his uncle, and M. Léris, following behind as chief mourners. Then came Senators and Deputies from Paris, and a host of official, professional, commercial, and private personages. M. Gambetta's father, though in far from good health, and deeply bowed down with grief, followed on foot the whole way from the station to the cemetery. The shops throughout the route were closed, and there were numerous signs of both private and public mourning—the street lamps, which were lighted, and heavily draped in black, giving a singularly funereal appearance to the whole scene. At the cemetery the coffin was placed on a catafalque, and speeches were made by General Carrey de Belle-marie in the name of the Army, by the Prefect, M. Lagrange de Langre, and by the Mayor of Nice, M. Borriglione, M. Laroque, M. Gambetta's cousin, having uttered a few words of thanks on the part of the family, the coffin was taken to the vault, but, the entrance being found too small, some delay arose before it could be laid in its last resting-place.

THE FORTHCOMING INTERNATIONAL COLONIAL EXHIBITION AT AMSTERDAM

THIS Exhibition, which is to open in May at Amsterdam, is intended to show to the world the colonial products of the various European Powers, with special reference, of course, to the possessions of Holland in the East. The number of exhibitors is stated to be considerable, and there is every prospect of the collection being one of great interest. The exterior of the main building is now finished, and, as may be seen by our engraving, has been designed upon the model of a Buddhist temple in the Dutch East Indies. Each side of the *façade* is formed by a massive tower apparently supported by elephants, while between these hangs a vast canopy. The doorway, where huge elephants again appear as sentinels, is still further guarded by an avenue of sphinxes, which leads to a vast stone representing the *lingum* or holy stone, the object of worship in all Buddhist temples. About seventy acres of ground have been taken in for the exhibition in the western suburbs of the city. By diverting canals and by means of piles a good foundation has been obtained for the Indian building and the various annexes. In the garden, also, there will be a Fine-Arts Gallery, annexes for machinery, restaurants, and orchestras. Amongst the British colonies which will take part are India, Ceylon, Mauritius, Victoria, New South Wales, Jamaica, British Guiana, and Canada. Such an exhibition is certainly unprecedented, and will prove a great attraction to the crowds of tourists who yearly make Holland their holiday resort.

THE MALAGASY EMBASSY

WE need not here recapitulate the matters in dispute between France and Madagascar; it is sufficient to recall the fact that when in November last the Malagasy Ambassadors refused to sign the Convention which had been placed before them by direction of

the French Foreign Office, their national flag was forcibly hauled down at the Grand Hotel by a Frenchman named Revoil. The Ambassadors naturally regarded this incident as a studied insult, and at once came over to England.

Here they were received with great kindness and hospitality, as there was a general feeling among Englishmen that both in Madagascar and in Paris the French authorities had acted in a very high-handed manner, and moreover, great anxiety was felt by those interested in the civilisation and Christianisation of that great island, lest the wonderful progress of the last few years, for which Protestant missionaries are mainly responsible, should be checked by a French war of aggression, ending ultimately in conquest.

Lord Granville, when interviewed, spoke of course with the guarded reticence proper to a high official, whose every word is jealously scanned, but he plainly showed that he did not approve of the doings of the French.

Since their arrival in this country the Malagasy Envoys have been diligently engaged in visiting industrial and educational establishments, and have no doubt stored up a vast amount of useful information; although in their public utterances they have modestly stated their inability to grasp so many wonders successively presented to them.

The following particulars concerning the Malagasy Embassy and their suite have been supplied us by Mr. Abraham Kingdon, who spent some years in Madagascar.

His Excellency Ravoninahitriniarivo (the chief Ambassador) is a gentleman possessing fifteen honours, and is also Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. He is the nephew of the present Prime Minister of Madagascar, and is undoubtedly a man of great power in his native land, where his influence is second only to that of the Prime Minister. It is thought that his Excellency Ravoninahitriniarivo favours the development of the great natural wealth and commerce of Madagascar.

His Excellency Ramaniraka (the second Ambassador) is a well-educated nobleman with a good knowledge of the English language. No native in Madagascar has a better library of standard English works than he; and by his studious habits he has acquired a large amount of information concerning the Western nations. His father, Rahaniraka, was educated in this country, and under him he began in early life to study English.

Mr. M. Andrianisa (one of the private secretaries) is the son of the late Andrianisa, who was Deputy-Governor at Tamatave, and who was one of the refugees who fled from his native land during the persecution. He is the head master of the school carried on within the palace for the benefit of the sons of the upper classes. A specimen of his ability as a penman may be seen in a beautifully-engrossed address which a few years ago was sent to the London Missionary Society by the Queen of Madagascar.

Mr. Marika Rabibisoa (Secretary to the Ambassadors) spent some years in Paris, where, as companion to one of the sons of the Prime Minister, he studied the French language, in which he is very proficient.

Ranjalahy accompanies the Ambassadors as *aide-de-camp*. He is the son of Rainialinera, a man well known for his ability in building from plans drawn to scale.

Mr. A. Tacchi (the manager and conductor to the Embassy) is an Englishman. He went to Madagascar as a schoolmaster for the Society of the Propagation of the Gospel, and was stationed at Vohimaro, on the north-east coast. After a time he left the service of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel and went to the capital, where he was employed by the Prime Minister in translating books on military and legal matters. He is also the proprietor of the first Anglo-Malagasy paper published in Madagascar, and known as the *Madagascar Times*.

Our engravings are from photographs: the Ambassadors and the two Secretaries are by Nadar, Paris; Ranjalahy by J. E. Mayall, 164, New Bond Street; and Mr. A. Tacchi, by John Edwards, 1, Park Side, Hyde Park Corner.

"LIKE SHIPS UPON THE SEA"

MRS. FRANCES TROLLOPE'S New Story, illustrated by Sydney Hall, is continued on page 89.

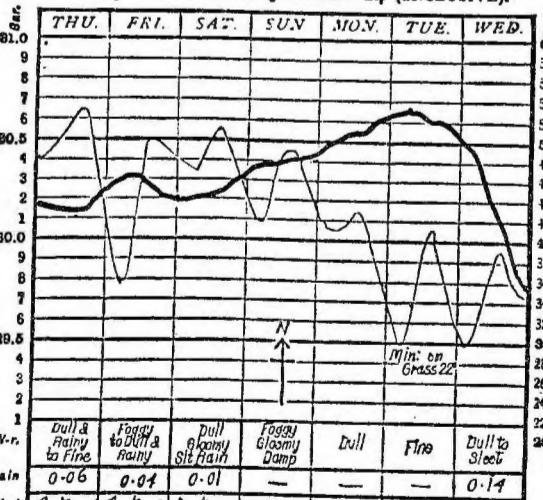
THE TOUR OF THE PRINCESS LOUISE AND THE MARQUIS OF LORNE

See pp. 94, 95

ELECTRIC TRAMWAY AT PORTRUSH.—The cars on this line were not built at Birmingham, as stated in our last issue, but at the Abbey Works, Shrewsbury, by the Midland Railway Carriage and Waggon Company (Limited).

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

FROM JANUARY 18 TO JANUARY 24 (INCLUSIVE).



Minister and Mr. Bright when breathing the free air of Opposition. The Court on Wednesday unanimously decided that they must give bail for their good behaviour for the next twelve months, Messrs. Davitt and Healy £1,000 each, with sureties to the like amount, Quin 500/-, and two sureties for 250/- each.—Mr. W. and O'Brien, despite a clever defence by Mr. A. M. Sullivan, has been returned for trial upon bail before the next Dublin Commission. The election at Mallow has terminated in his favour by a majority of 72, the Government candidate receiving only 89 out of a total of 250 votes.—Cardinal McCabe has forwarded to all the Irish Roman Catholic Bishops copies of a letter received by him from the Pope, warning "the faithful people of Ireland" against the evil societies which put their trust in deeds of crime, and counselling the Bishops only to grant leave to attend popular meetings "to ecclesiastics of mature age and experience," and the clergy to give every assistance to their Bishops in calming the passions of their countrymen and checking public disturbances.

IN SKYE, the Glendale crofters, not content with expelling writers and policemen from the glen, have assumed the aggressive in very decided fashion. On Saturday 1,000 made a descent upon Dunvegan, and would not be satisfied until they were assured that there were no policemen in the hotel, and that none had arrived by the steamer from the mainland. Had not the officers retired to Portree in time, they would have been driven on board the steamer and compelled to sail. The Police Committee of Inverness-shire have petitioned Government to send an armed force to the island.

THE STRIKE OF THE CALEDONIAN RAILWAY MEN came to an end, in something like a directors' victory, on Saturday; 2,000 employees consenting to resume work on the understanding that the old hands should be re-engaged as far as possible, and that the general manager should receive a deputation to discuss the various grievances complained of. Many of the strikers have found their places filled, nor do the directors seem inclined to alter the hours of work unless wages are also readjusted. The collapse of the strike on the Caledonian has been followed, curiously enough, by a "nine hours" movement on the North British, and a demand for shorter time on the North Eastern. In neither case, however, is it thought likely that the men will have recourse to a strike.—The movement in favour of restricting the output of coal continues to make progress in most of the mining districts south of the Tees, and further meetings in its support have been held this week at Barnsley, Wigan, Burslem, and other places. Eight hours a day, "from bank to bank," is the ideal system under which it seems to be thought that the greatest number of hands will be enabled to earn a living.

A FURTHER STAGE in the progress of the work which, when completed, will connect the Port of Hull (already the third in importance in Great Britain) with the great central network of railways and the richest coal districts in South Yorkshire, was marked on Tuesday by the laying of the keelstone of the entrance gates of the new Alexandra Docks by Colonel Gerard Smith, Chairman of the Hull, Barnsley, and West Riding Junction Railway and Dock Company. The docks, which will give Hull for the first time accommodation for shipping somewhat in proportion to her trade, cover a water area of 46½ acres, and present a river frontage of over a mile. The connexion of Hull with the Barnsley coal fields may, it is thought, benefit London too by reducing the price of sea-borne coal.

THE EXAMINER ON PRIVATE BILLS has reported that the promoters of the Manchester Ship Canal Bill have failed to comply with Standing Orders by depositing no plans or sections of the works they contemplate for connecting the Canal with the estuary of the Mersey. To make the canal accessible at all times from the sea, it will be necessary, it is said, to cut a channel for nearly ten miles below the entrance through shifting sands covered at low tide by only a few feet of water. For this the promoters seem to have made no provision.

THE CORPORATION OF LONDON, according to the *Daily News*, will meet Sir W. Harcourt's Municipality of London Bill—a comprehensive measure, which is to create one great Municipality for the whole metropolis, retaining, however, existing organisations as the nucleus of the new system—in a spirit of conciliation, and have already arranged to entrust the consideration of its provisions to a committee, of which Sir F. Truscott will probably be chairman. The grandiose scheme of a New Central Inland Fish Market has proved a failure even before it was in work, and the building, in the absence of all offers to rent stalls or shops, will be opened only to enable the Corporation to apply for leave to reconvert it to its original use as a Central Fruit and Vegetable Market.

A FIRE, which might have proved well-nigh as disastrous as that in Wood Street, broke out on Friday last in Staining Lane, Cheapside, but was fortunately got under by great efforts before it had taken hold of the adjoining houses. The ancient Hall of the Haberdashers' Company was at one time in considerable peril.—The inquest on the victims of the fire in Bishopsgate was closed on Monday. There was no evidence as to the cause of the fire, but much as to the want of repair and the unsanitary condition of the houses generally in Windsor Street—places, said one witness, which would burn like match-boxes; and some doubt whether the firemen at the station had been sufficiently prompt in answering the "call."

NINE PERSONS WERE SEVERELY BURNED in Glasgow on Saturday by the explosion of a large gasometer, the property of the Corporation, involving a loss of £10,000, and three hours after every one was startled by a second explosion from a disused shed on the premises of the Caledonian Railway Company. This latter explosion was caused, as it turned out, by some young men rashly trying to open a mysterious box which they had found on the water's edge in the canal viaduct over the Possil Road. The box was charged with pellets and explosives, and the shed was utterly destroyed. Had any disaster happened to the viaduct the canal for sixteen miles would have been drained into the city. The explosion of the gasometer was at first attributed to leakage. Mr. Hawksley, however, who was telegraphed for from London, asserts that it was caused beyond a doubt by a charge of dynamite maliciously applied to the exterior.

AT A MEETING of representatives of the counties and boroughs of North Wales at Chester, under the presidency of Lord Aberdare, to consider the proposed Government grant of 4,000/- for a University College in North Wales, the alternative proposal of secondary schools in place of a University was rejected by a large majority, as was the proposal that Cardigan, wherein is Aberystwith, should be accounted a portion of the northern half of the Principality. The choice of a site was finally left to the decision of a committee.

THE VISIT OF THE COMMANDING OFFICERS OF VOLUNTEER REGIMENTS TO BRIGHTON has resulted in the choice of that town for the Easter Review of 1883.

THE OBITUARY FOR THE WEEK includes the names of General England, a Crimean veteran, whose military career began with the attack on Flushing in 1809, and of Mrs. Bray, a once popular authoress of sketches and novels from the West Country, whose literary and artistic recollections—her first husband was the painter Stothard—extended almost over a century, her birthday having fallen so long ago as Christmas, 1790.



A NEW WORK BY JOHANNES BRAHMS.—Whether the Trio in C major (Op. 87), by the now acknowledged representative "classical" composer of Germany is destined to rival in general acceptance other chamber-pieces from his pen, has yet to be decided. It was introduced at the Popular Concert of Monday night, with every chance in its favour, the performers being Mr. Charles Hallé (pianoforte), Madame Norman Néruda (violin), and Signor Piatti (violoncello), who, it may be taken for granted, by their careful, accurate, and spirited execution, rendered it full justice. Nevertheless, a crowded audience, doubtless in a great measure attracted by its announcement (the Prince and Princess of Wales being among the listeners), did not seem to be deeply interested in the trio as a whole. The preference manifested was evidently for the *adante con moto* in A minor, a series of variations founded upon a theme which wears all the characteristics of "national" melody of the Hungarian type. Be this the case, or otherwise, the melody is plaintive and charming, while the variations, five in number, each with a distinct individuality of its own, are thoroughly imbued with its spirit. The last of the five, a dialogue between violin and violoncello, is almost eloquent in its touching simplicity, while a pianoforte accompaniment as quiet and unobtrusive as itself materially aids the contemplated effect.

At the very end, the change of rhythm from six-eight to nine-eight measure, and *vice versa*, must always win attention from amateurs gifted to appreciate delicate touches of musicianship. Here Madame Néruda and Signor Piatti, by their phrasing on their respective instruments, might have tendered a wholesome lesson in the vocal art to many a popular singer addicted to spoiling genuine sentiment by "expression" more or less overdrawn. The opening *allegro*, at a first hearing, leaves a certain impression of diffuseness and studied elaboration of themes that hardly seem to admit of very discursive treatment. At the same time the plan of the movement is easily followed out by those who go to the Popular Concerts as much for the sake of instruction as of mere amusement; and happily they count in hundreds, as the experience of close upon a quarter of a century has shown. On the other hand, Brahms is a composer who bestows so much serious thought upon whatever work he may have in hand, that to pronounce judgement lightly upon anything he gives us would be not only rash but, so to speak, uncourteous. Enough that several passages in the *allegro*, despite the not very promising character of the themes, must inevitably win instantaneous recognition. About the *scherzo* and *finale* we are not prepared to speak just now with confidence. The first part of the former appears to us dry and comparatively uninteresting; but this is redeemed by the second part (or "trio") the theme of which—as bucolic as though it had been inspired by a perusal of the *Pastor Fido* of Guarini—is admirably developed. When Joachim returns (some time next month) we shall enjoy an opportunity of hearing and appreciating yet another, of even higher importance, in the shape of a quintet (key, F major)—the first written by Brahms for "strings" exclusively, though not his first quintet; as those acquainted with the one in F minor (Op. 34), with pianoforte as leading instrument, need scarcely be reminded. This—the last important contribution of Brahms to the "musica di camera"—is marked "Op. 88" in the catalogue of his published works, and will be anxiously expected by all lovers of genuine music of the legitimate type.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.—The only new production at the concert on Wednesday evening was a song, by Theo. Marzials, "Ask Nothing More," words by A. C. Swinburne. This ditty, which is a very favourable specimen of the composer's powers, was received with much applause.

AN IRISH OPINION OF "THE GRAPHIC"

At the Quarterly General Meeting of the Members of the Dundalk Catholic Young Men's Society, held at the Society's Hall, on Sunday, the 14th inst., the following conversation, which we transfer from the *Dundalk Democrat*, took place:—

"Mr. Magrath proposed that *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Paper*, or some other American illustrated, be introduced into the reading-room.

"The Rev. Patrick Fagan, Chairman, said that the Society had plenty of funds at its disposal, and it could be spent in no better way than supplying literature.

"Mr. William Crawley proposed that *The Graphic* be purchased weekly for the reading-room.

"Mr. Warren said that formerly *The Graphic* was taken, but it had been expelled from the rooms by the unanimous voice of the members.

"Mr. Gonnally: It was not unanimous. I opposed the motion, but was defeated.

"Mr. Morgan asked why was *The Graphic* expelled.

"Mr. Warren: Because it gave ridiculous sketches of the delegates attending the National Convention which was held in Dublin during the Land League Agitation, and also similar sketches of Catholic clergymen.

"Mr. John McCann said *The Graphic* then ridiculed priests, and in fact the Catholic religion.

"Mr. Morgan: Then I would not have it re-admitted.

"The Rev. Chairman said the members should remember that *The Graphic* was a paper printed in England, and it must be expected that such sketches would be published. He did not think such sketches could change the minds or opinions of the members, and he was sorry that the purchase of the paper had been stopped, but as it seemed the unanimous wish of the members when it was expelled, he did not wish to oppose it. However, they could take the *London News*.

"Mr. Magrath said he would oppose the introduction of any English newspaper.

"Mr. Warren said if the members wished to have an English illustrated paper they should look for the best. As regarded *The Graphic* and *London News*, they were both English, and one would be as bad as the other in dealing with Irish questions when occasion offered. He considered *The Graphic* the best of the two, and if they were determined in taking one of them they should select it as being the best value for their money.

"The Rev. Chairman agreed that *The Graphic* was the best of the two.

"An animated discussion of long duration ensued, but the Rev. Chairman said the whole evening could not be lost over this matter. He then took a division, and declared that the majority of the members were in favour of having *The Graphic* replaced in the reading-room."

[We are obliged to the Members of the Society for their decision in our favour, and beg to assure them that neither in pictures nor in print have we ever intentionally ridiculed either the Roman Catholic Church or its clergy. As for the sketches of the National Convention, we made no more fun of its members than we have frequently made of our own House of Commons.—ED.]



A BENGALI VERSION of the "Life of the Prince Consort" has been brought out in India by a native writer under the title "Rajebani."

MR. FAWCETT'S ILLNESS has aroused great sympathy amongst the native community in India, and the central cartoon in a recent *Parsee Punch* represented India kneeling and offering a prayer to Heaven to save her "honest friend," Mr. Fawcett.

THE MISSING BALLOON "SALADIN," which was lost last year with Mr. Walter Powell, M.P., has been found in the mountains of the Sierra del Piedroza, Spain. The car is still attached, and the remains of the balloon are to be forwarded to England.

THE THIRTY RICHEST NEW YORKERS own a joint capital amounting to £120,000,000, Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt standing at the head of the list with a fortune of £25,000,000, and the well-known financier, Jay Gould, coming second with £8,000,000. The richest ladies are to be found on the Pacific coast, such as a newly-made widow, who is worth £4,600,000, and a Californian heiress, daughter of one of the Bonanza Kings, who, as she is plain and not very young, evidently dreads fortune-hunters, and aspires to a cell in a convent.

THE THRONE TO BE USED AT THE CZAR'S CORONATION has already been ordered. It will be made of black oak, richly carved in antique Slavonic patterns, and will cost over £1,600. The canopy will be supported by four columns ten feet high, and will be ornamented by the Imperial eagle and a scroll-work bearing the arms of the fifty-six coats of arms of the Governments of Russia, crimson velvet hangings, embossed in gold, will shelter the Imperial chairs which will stand on a *dais*.

THE "BLIZZARD," OR SNOW-HURRICANE OF THE AMERICAN NORTH-WEST, of which we hear so much at this time of year, generally spends its greatest force in Michigan, where it travels with such speed that as soon as the telegraph announces the coming storm men hasten at once for shelter. The sun will be brightly shining, says a correspondent of the *American Register*, and will then become suddenly obscured, when in a moment a wall of intense cold seems to move with great rapidity across the path, while the snow comes down like one flake, effectually blinding any person unlucky enough to be out. Roads become blockaded, and woe betide the hapless human being or animal caught away from shelter. The name "blizzard" is purely local.

THE LATE MR. J. W. BUNNEY.—Some friends of Mr. J. W. Bunney, the artist who painted for Mr. Ruskin the large picture of St. Mark's, Venice, which is now being shown in the "Venice Exhibition," are collecting a sum of money to be presented to his widow "as a gift prompted by regard for her husband and his work, and by sympathy for her under her great loss." Mr. Ruskin has contributed £50. Contributions are received by Mr. R. B. Litchfield and Mr. Vernon Lushington, at the Consolidated Bank, 450, Strand. Mr. Bunney has left a number of sketches and drawings of Venice which are to be sold for the benefit of his widow and family. These are now at the Fine Art Society, 148, New Bond Street.

THE AMOUNT OF GOLD AND SILVER EMBROIDERY worked for the Silver Wedding Celebration is beyond all precedent in Berlin Court festivities, and the costumiers are in despair at the postponement of the entertainments. Some of the Court trains have required over thirty pounds of gold thread, the most costly being that of a certain Countess, made of flame-coloured satin, and embroidered with gold, copper-coloured, and iridescent bead-trimming in *renaissance* pattern. Another work of the needle's art is a train of sky-blue velvet, made for a Princess, which bears hundreds of her escutcheons worked in silver, while a third is sprinkled with embroidered rose-leaves, each supporting a raised jewelled butterfly. Talking of the Silver Wedding, nineteen members of the Crown Prince and Princess's household, who entered the service at the time of the marriage, are still in office, and will keep their jubilee simultaneously.

THE RECKLESS DESTRUCTION of artistic and historical monuments is certainly one of the evils of the period, and public feeling, which has done much to limit the mania of injudicious restoration, may well help towards the preservation of ancient Cairo, particularly at a time when everything Egyptian is of such interest to England. What harm has already been needlessly done is well-known to artists, and may be learned by those who stay at home from M. Rhone's capital little pamphlet, "Coup d'Œil sur l'État de Caire," for although a committee was formed some time since to watch over all precious architectural monuments, nothing has been heard of its work amid the excitement of recent events. Ismail's endeavours to Europeanise part of Cairo cannot be undone, but at least all artists and antiquarians may interest themselves to prevent any further damage by stopping the complete Haussmanising of the city, according to the plans for re-arranging Cairo in the French style, which are all ready prepared.

LONDON MORTALITY further increased last week, and 1,663 deaths were registered, against 1,567 during the previous week, a rise of 96, but being 185 below the average, and at the rate of 21·9 per 1,000. These deaths included 3 from small-pox (a fall of 4), 56 from measles (an increase of 10), 42 from scarlet fever (a rise of 11), 13 from diphtheria (a decline of 1), 26 from whooping-cough (a decrease of 3), 18 from enteric fever (an increase of 6), 2 from ill-defined forms of fever (a fall of 1), and 18 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a rise of 6). Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 389, being 130 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 56 deaths, 50 were the result of accident or negligence, among which were 18 infants under one year from suffocation. There were 2,804 births registered against 2,808 during the previous week, exceeding the average by 28. The mean temperature of the air was 42·9 deg., and 4·3 deg. above the average. The warmest day was Thursday, when the mean was 46·5 deg.

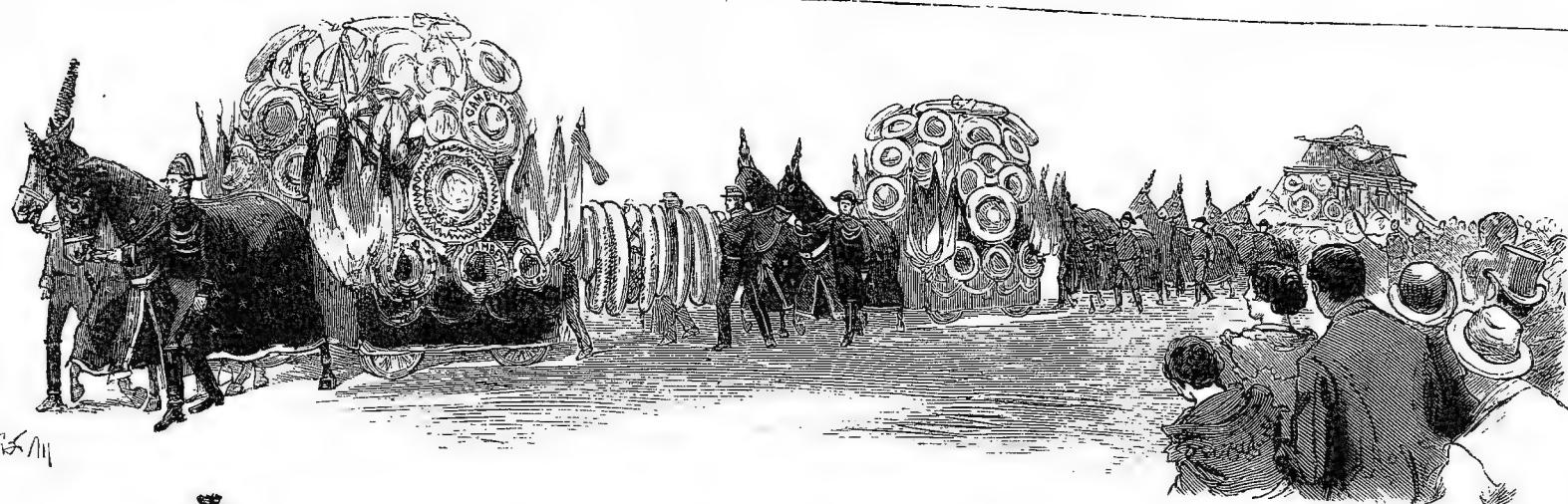
AS EVERY ONE TRAVELS BY RAIL NOWADAYS, and only a very few out of the great majority of passengers meet with accidents, those who go on their way safely should well remember those officials to whom their safety is in a great measure due, and who mainly bear the brunt if any accident happens. Thus the Railway Benevolent Institution has a universal claim; and though the receipts of this admirable charity are happily increasing, the work is so extensive and necessary that little remains in hand at the end of the year. This institution supports an orphanage for educating the children of railway servants, where there are now some 120 inmates, and to which a hospital is now being attached, necessitating further expenditure, maintains some orphans at private schools, and provides for members of the association and for their widows and families, there being altogether some 75,000 members of the casualty and general funds. Fifty thousand pounds have been distributed in relief within the last ten years, not to members alone, but to railway men injured or out of work. The subscriptions for members are very small. Donations will be received by the General Secretary, Mr. W. F. Mills, at the office, 57, Drummond Street, Euston Square, N.W.



PRINCE FREDERICK CHARLES ALEXANDER OF PRUSSIA
BROTHER OF THE EMPEROR WILLIAM AND GRANDFATHER OF THE DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT
Born June 29, 1801. Died Jan. 21, 1883



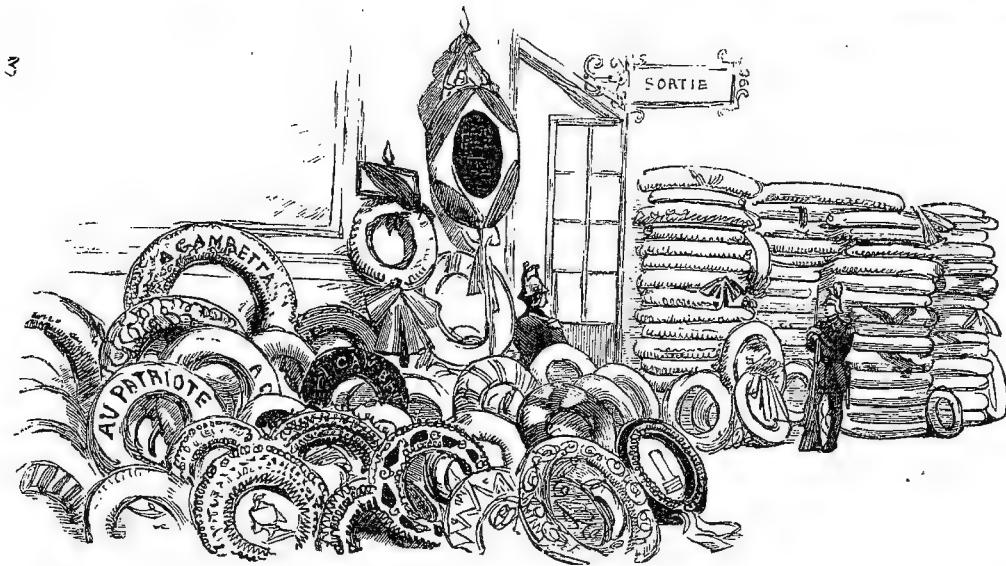
"BILLY," THE PET DEER OF THE PRINCE OF WALES'S OWN (WEST YORKSHIRE REGIMENT)



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1. The Funeral Procession.—2. A Draped Lamp.—3. At the Nice Railway Station : The Wreaths from Paris.—4. M. Gambetta, the Father of the Deceased Statesman.—5. M^{me}. Léris, the Sister of the late M. Gambetta.—6. The Procession Passing Up the Cemetery Steps.



THIS has been a week fraught with serious import for FRANCE. The excitement caused by the arrest of Prince Napoléon was enhanced by the alleged discovery of a Royalist conspiracy, an organ of the Elysée announcing that a force of 32,000 men had been organised, and was being armed by Monarchist agents in Western France, the men being enrolled in the name of a Catholic Alliance, that a formidable body of cavalry was being raised, and that ample funds had been stored away in England in readiness for the supreme moment. These rumours, notwithstanding their manifest exaggeration, created still further alarm amongst the more faint-hearted Republicans; and M. Floquet's Bill expelling all members of former reigning families began to be regarded with less disfavour than on its first proposal. Nevertheless, the Cabinet on Saturday deemed such a measure far too sweeping to be enacted by a Republican Government, and presented a Bill simply empowering the President of the Republic to expel any member of "one of the families which have reigned in France, and whose presence is calculated to imperil the safety of the Republic." Any such exile returning without permission would be punished by imprisonment, and then once more conducted over the frontier. The Cabinet also asked for authority to withdraw from active military service any person coming under the above category. The announcement of this Bill created a most tremendous uproar on the part of the Conservatives, mixed with ironical laughter at M. de Fallières' declaration that though the Republic was certainly strong enough to allow itself to be discussed with full liberty, it behaved to be "armed against certain persons who, despite the lessons of history and the repeated verdict of the national sovereignty, are not yet resigned to looking upon themselves as simple French citizens." Another Bill to amend the existing Press Law excited the wrath of both Conservatives and Radicals, as it entails heavy penalties upon all who shall commit any "outrage" against the Republican Government, who shall remove or deface any public emblems of the authority of the Republic, or who shall exhibit, distribute, or sell any "signs or symbols calculated to spread the spirit of rebellion or disturb the public peace." These enactments were felt to be aimed at the Phrygian cap as much as at the *fleur-de-lis* or the Imperial bee, and the Radicals were profuse in their interruptions and protestations. Nevertheless, as far as the anti-Monarchical measures went, they felt that the Government had not gone far enough, and accordingly M. Ballue proposed a Bill withdrawing from the Orleans Princes their military commissions, namely, those of General from the Duc de Nemours and the Duc d'Aumale, of Colonel and Captain respectively from the Duc de Chartres and the Duc d'Alençon, and of Naval Lieutenant from the Duc de Penthièvre. This and the Government Bills were voted urgent, and duly referred to the same Committee as that on M. Floquet's Bill.

This Committee was duly nominated on Tuesday, the result being a large majority in favour of M. Floquet's measure. This was mainly due to the absence of the Ministers from the Bureaux owing to a Cabinet crisis. It appears that the greater number of the Ministers, either stricken with the prevailing panic, or fearing to offend their Radical supporters, were in favour of yielding to the Radical pressure and passing the extreme measures, while M. Duclerc, General Billot, and Admiral Jauréguiberry, who had not entirely lost their heads, considered the Government Bill sufficed for the occasion. Ultimately the three last-named Ministers were delegated to attend the Committee, and there on Wednesday General Billot energetically insisted upon the legality of the commissions held by the Orleans Princes, and dwelt upon the correct attitude they had always observed. The Committee adjourned till the next day, and it is probable that the question will not be debated until Monday. Meanwhile there is a great diversity of opinion amongst the Deputies with regard not only to what measure should be adopted, but as to the advisability of passing any measure at all. Amongst the last-named is M. Waldeck-Rousseau, M. de Marcère, M. Langlois, and numerous staunch Republicans, who contend that if the Princes are a danger to the Republic they should be expelled, and that the Republic is sufficiently strong to dispense with legislation on the subject. M. Floquet and his party of course take the opposition point of view, but the most surprising expression of opinion comes from M. Marcère, who advocates the Athenian system of Ostracism. "Let us," he cries, "imitate the ancient Republics, and be distrustful as they were. Ostracism against a citizen who has become too powerful is a wise step."

The panic has not been confined to political circles; the Bourse has been seriously affected, and the general feeling in all classes is that the crisis is the most severe which has occurred since the fall of the MacMahonate. The loss of M. Gambetta is now universally felt. There is no one man who can step forward, and, with the confidence of the country at his back, take any decided action—no one man to whom all classes of the Republic can look as a leader in the hour of danger—no one man whose name in the least alarms the Monarchical and Imperial claimants to the throne. France, which under all régimes has been accustomed to be ruled by one man, feels herself utterly without a steersman, and, while perfectly acknowledging that she may drift into Government she detests, is apparently powerless to help herself, owing to the extraordinary divisions and sub-divisions of parties which is ever the weakness of the Republican Government. The Bonapartists, as may be imagined, are doing their utmost to take advantage of the hour. Party and family feuds are alike forgotten. M. de Cassagnac denounces the imprisonment of Prince Napoléon as illegal; the Princess Clotilde is expected from Italy to be by the side of her husband, while even the ex-Empress Eugénie sinks her antipathy to the Bonapartist-Democrat, and has visited Paris as a protest against his arrest. The Royalists meanwhile are eminently quiescent. The expected manifesto of the Comte de Chambord, which, it was said, would be issued on Monday, the anniversary of the execution of Louis XVI., has been postponed, owing to the prevailing excitement, and the usual service held in the Expiatory Chapel was attended by none of the Princes, and gave rise to no demonstration.

PARIS has been warmly stirred by the crisis, and the journals have found little space to discuss aught else, save the political rumours and the doings of Prince Napoleon in the Conciergerie, where he is now allowed to have his secretary and his valet to bear him company. He has been visited by his sister, the Princesse Mathilde, and his eldest son, and expresses himself well satisfied at the stir which he has made in the world, and at the fact that it has caused every one at least to read his manifesto. He was again examined before the Juge d'Instruction on Tuesday.—Notwithstanding its political pre-occupation, Paris has found time to mourn the death of M. Gustave Doré, who died suddenly on Tuesday morning, at the early age of fifty-one. His paintings and drawings are as well known in England as in France, and his illustrations to the Bible, the "Idylls of the King," the "Ancient Mariner," "Don Quixote," to say nothing of his work on "London," are familiar to every household. His statuary, to which he had lately devoted much attention, has been little seen in England, as also, indeed, his smaller paintings, which are exceedingly popular in Paris.—In the provinces considerable surprise has been caused by

the severe sentences on the fifty-two prisoners in the Anarchist trial at Lyons, which resulted in Prince Krapotkin and three of his companions being sentenced to five years' imprisonment, to a fine of 80*l.*, to ten years' police surveillance, and to five years' deprivation of civil rights. The remaining prisoners, except five who were acquitted, received less onerous sentences.

The English Note on EGYPT has proved a fruitful theme for international discussion. In Germany and Austria it has met with a very favourable reception; in Turkey the Sultan does not appear to have made up his mind how to take it—feeling that, as the Khédive's Suzerain, he ought to have been consulted on the matter. France has been vigorously protesting against England's alleged want of frankness and good faith, and the British Government is reproved for sheltering itself behind its puppet, the Egyptian Government, and not openly acting in its own name. Meanwhile the French Consul has protested to the Egyptian Government that the Control was the result of an arrangement entered into by France and Egypt with a view of protecting the interests of French subjects, and that by its abolition those interests are seriously compromised. Thus the French Government "formally protests, reserves all rights, and holds the Egyptian Government responsible for the consequences." M. Brédi, it is also declared, having submitted that his position has become somewhat difficult, has been allowed to return to France. Neither his resignation nor his definitive withdrawal, however, is announced, so that his office is seemingly continued as a formal protest. The French Government also alone out of all the Powers declines to sanction the prolongation of the mixed tribunals for only a year, and holds to the original arrangement for a five years' extension of their powers. As their present lease of life expires next month, it is urgent that some decision in the matter should be come to without further delay.

In Egypt itself all is quiet. The Commission for Judicial Reform, which has been indulging in little more than empty talk during the past few weeks, is now presided over by Nubar Pasha, who is rapidly shaping out their work in proper order. The constitution of the long-awaited Indemnity Court is making considerable progress, and most of the Powers concerned have appointed their representatives. The punishment of those concerned in the Alexandria riots also continues, and the murderer of two Englishmen on June 11 has been hanged; but much annoyance is felt that none of the guilty Mustaphaeans have been punished. The swords of honour for Lords Wolseley and Alcester have been presented to Sir E. Malet. They are inscribed, "From the people of Egypt," and, together with a pair of pistols presented by the "Notables of Egypt" to General Drury Lowe, are stated to have cost 3,500*l.*, a sum which the recipients will be gratified to hear "was subscribed with the greatest readiness by the natives throughout the country"—at least so the *Times* correspondent tells us. The news from the Soudan, though recently highly exaggerated, is somewhat alarming. According to Colonel Stewart's report, the rising began in 1881, and was due to official venality, the suppression of the slave trade, and military weakness. The loss of life is calculated at from 8,000 to 9,000 Egyptians, and from 40,000 to 50,000 rebels. The number of the Mahdi's followers is estimated at 338,000.

In GERMANY the festivities which had been prepared this week for the celebration of the silver wedding of the Imperial Prince and Princess have been changed into funeral ceremonies for Prince Charles of Prussia, the only surviving brother of the Emperor. We have treated fully of the late Prince in another column. His obsequies were celebrated in the Protestant Cathedral, Berlin, on Wednesday with great pomp, the Emperor and the various Princes, including the Duke of Edinburgh, being present—the Emperor appearing deeply affected. In the evening the body was conveyed to Glienecke, Prince Charles's summer seat, near Potsdam, where it will be definitely buried in the church of Nikolskoe. Another mournful event has been the sinking of a Transatlantic mail steamer, the Hamburg American Company's *Cimbria*, through a collision with the British steamer *Sultan* off Borkum on Friday week. The collision took place in a fog. The *Cimbria* sank in fifteen minutes, before all the boats could be got out, and barely three score persons are stated to have been saved out of a complement of 402 passengers and 120 crew. Of the boats which were launched two were picked up, one reached Cuxhaven, and two capsized. Some of the occupants, however, succeeded in clinging to the *Cimbria*'s rigging, remaining there for ten hours, and being subsequently rescued by a steamer, the *Diamant*, sent in search of survivors. The *Sultan*, although her captain states that he stood by the wreck for some hours, burning blue lights and sounding the steam whistle, was unable to render any assistance owing to the thick fog. The officers and crew of the *Cimbria* are declared to have behaved admirably, and when the vessel went down her commander, Captain Hansen, was standing at his post on the bridge.

The opening of the much-talked-of International Fine Arts Exhibition at Rome has been the chief topic in ITALY. The ceremony was performed by King Humbert, the Royal Family, the Ministers, and a host of notabilities being present. The building, of which the foundation stone was laid some eighteen months ago by the King, is exceedingly handsome, and stands in the Via Nazionale, which was gaily decorated for the occasion. Though nominally "international," the foreign exhibits are practically few, but the Italian exhibits are said to be exceptionally fine. There is little political news this week, the chief item being the condemnation to three years' imprisonment of Valeriani for throwing a stone at the carriage of Count Paar, the Austrian Ambassador to the Vatican, a sentence which should soothe the recently ruffled feelings of the Ultramontanes.

The extension of local self-government still remains the chief topic in INDIA. Last week it was the turn of the Central Provinces, and now a Bill is to be introduced into the Bengal Legislative Council for a far more elaborate organisation for that province. By this the control of the local boards would be vested, not in any one official, but in a central Board, much after the model of our Local Government Board. The question of developing commercially the various resources of India is also being actively discussed, and the rapid progress of the trade in wheat and manufactured tobacco is exciting considerable satisfaction. In the census of the North-West Provinces and Oude some curious returns were made. Thus it seems that the Chamars, the lowest of castes, exceed the Brahmins by 7,000,000; while it appears that the provinces contain 1,100 actors, 3,000 ballad singers, 146 healers by incantation, 33 gamblers, 97 snake-charmers, 50 match-makers, 4 poets, 10,000 singers and dancers, 4 story-tellers, and 7 thieves. There are 10,000 landowners and 40,000 money-lenders to 7,500,000 cultivators of the soil.

From BURMAH comes the news that King Theebaw has submitted another draft treaty to the Indian Government. In BRITISH BURMAH brigandage still continues; and the dead body of a European named Owen, employed by the Bombay and Burmah Trading Company, has been found near Prome with the head battered in, his murderers having carried off a large sum of money which he had about him.

Another tale of horror comes from the UNITED STATES. On the 19th inst. a portion of the overland express from San Francisco, on the Southern Pacific Railway, broke loose, and, running down a steep incline, dashed over an embankment. The carriages then caught fire, and several persons were slowly burned to death in full view of the survivors, who were unable to rescue them. Twenty-one persons were killed, eleven bodies being burned beyond recognition.

The accident is attributed to some express robbers, who had tampered with the brake in order to get the train away from the station, but were unable to stop the train in its downward course. Two of them were amongst the victims. A second Californian tragedy occurred at the Giant Powder Mills, Oakland, where a tremendous explosion killed one European and over forty Chinese, and destroyed the building and surrounding houses. On the other hand another theatrical calamity was averted last week by the presence of mind of an *employé*. A calcium tank in the Milwaukee Theatre burst, and the lights in the building were suddenly extinguished. A panic ensued, the remaining cylinder and sitting on it in full view of the audience.—A portrait of Thomas West, the third Lord Delaware, after whom the Delaware River was called, has been presented to Philadelphia by the British Minister, Mr. West. The presentation took place with great ceremony, almost the entire Consular body being present.—The only political item has been the Tariff Bill, now being discussed in Congress, against which petitions have been presented by manufacturers and labourers, and urging an increase in the duties on specific articles.

Of MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS the chief news from RUSSIA relates to the forthcoming coronation, which it is now certain will take place in the spring.—In TURKEY the quarrel between Aleko Pasha and the Russian Consul-General in Eastern Roumelia continues unabated. The state of Armenia is causing considerable apprehension, as it is stated that the whole of the upper portion of that province is scourged by armed bands, and that an insurrection is expected in the spring. The Armenian Patriarch, at the Porte's request, has issued a long pastoral promising the population the prompt introduction of reforms.—In HOLLAND there has been a serious powder-mill explosion at Muiden, near Amsterdam—the roofs of the houses in that little town being carried off, and the windows blown out. Only twelve persons, however, appear to have been killed.—In AUSTRIA the visit of M. Giers to Vienna, whither the Emperor has gone to meet the Russian statesman, is causing considerable comment and some uneasiness.—In SOUTH AFRICA the progress of Cetewayo through his kingdom does not appear to be so triumphant as had been expected, comparatively few of his subjects coming to greet him, and no chief of any magnitude, Dabulamanzi excepted, who met him on the 16th inst. On the 17th inst. he arrived at Entojaneni, and on the 24th at Ulundi. In the Cape Parliament the future of Basutoland has been discussed, and the Governor has recommended the withdrawal of any control over the internal affairs of the district.



THE Queen now has the three little Princesses of Edinburgh staying with her at Osborne during their parents' absence on the Continent. Her Majesty at the end of last week decorated two non-commissioned officers, a bugler and a gunner of the Royal Marines, with the Medal for Conspicuous Gallantry in the field during the Egyptian Campaign, and also received the Italian Ambassador, who presented his credentials. On Saturday the Queen received the Rev. H. M. and Mrs. Villiers on their marriage, and in the evening entertained Mrs. Ernest Wilberforce, the Dean of Windsor, and the Rev. Randall T. Davidson at dinner. Next morning, Her Majesty, with the Princess Beatrice and Princess Marie of Edinburgh, attended Divine Service at Osborne, where the Rev. R. T. Davidson officiated, and on Monday evening Sir H. Ponsonby and Captain Fisher, late of the *Invincible*, joined the Royal party at dinner.—The Court has now gone into mourning for the late Prince Charles of Prussia until Friday next, the mourning being lightened on Tuesday. The Queen deputed Lord Sackville and Major-General Du Plat, whom Her Majesty had sent to Berlin to be present at the Silver Wedding Festivities, to attend the late Prince's funeral.

The death in the German Imperial Family has altered the Prince of Wales' plans, as the Prince and Princess were to have started for Berlin early on Monday morning. They came up to town on Saturday in readiness, and during the afternoon the Prince inspected the gold casket to be presented to Lord Wolseley by the Lord Mayor and Corporation. On Sunday the Prince and Princess attended Divine Service. The new Italian Ambassador, Count Nigra, was received on Tuesday by the Prince and Princess, who in the evening went to the Haymarket Theatre.—Princes Albert Victor and George have reached Lausanne, after spending a night in Paris on the way.

The Duchess of Connaught and her baby are going on so well that the bulletins of their health have been discontinued. Nevertheless the Duke has not gone to Berlin to attend the funeral of Prince Charles, his wife's grandfather, but has deputed Sir H. Elphinstone to represent him. As soon as the Duchess is completely convalescent she will accompany her husband to Germany for a few weeks, returning in time for the Duke to preside at the Anniversary Festival of the Metropolitan Free Hospital on April 11th.—The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh remain for the present at Berlin, where the Duke has been paying visits to Prince Bismarck and other important personages. The Duke has been invested by the Emperor with the Order of the Black Eagle, which corresponds to the Order of the Garter in England, and is the highest Prussian distinction. The Crown Prince and Prince William were his sponsors. The Duke and Duchess were present at the State reception held by the Emperor and Empress in the Berlin Schloss at the end of last week, subsequently attending the State Concert. On Monday they lunched with the British Ambassador, and, after paying visits of condolence to the Royal Family, dined with the Crown Prince and Princess.—Prince Christian has also gone to Berlin, starting late on Monday night.—The Duke of Albany will visit Colchester next Friday to install Lord Brooke as Provincial Grand Master of Essex.—Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne have been staying at Charleston, U.S., whence the Princess started for Bermuda on Thursday on board the British Government vessel *Dido*. The Marquis was expected to leave for Washington the same day.

Another Royal marriage will shortly take place in Spain, as the King's second surviving sister, the Infanta Maria della Paz, is engaged to Prince Louis Ferdinand of Bavaria, cousin to his Bavarian Majesty.



THE OFFICIAL CONGÉ D'ELIRE AND LETTER recommendatory requiring the Dean and Chapter to "confirm, invest, and consecrate" the Right Rev. Dr. Benson Archbishop of Canterbury, were received by them on Saturday, and the election was fixed for Monday, the 29th. The ceremony will commence with the tolling of Bell Harry after morning prayer, calling the Chapter to assemble, when the Queen's Letter will be read, and the votes of the members

taken separately. The Dean and Chapter will then go in procession to their stalls, when the Dean will announce the election, and the choir will sing the *Te Deum*. This done, the Archbishop designate will have become Archbishop-elect. The enthronisation has been fixed for March 29th, the date previously determined on being found to clash with the East Kent Quarter Sessions. It will be probably signalled by a revival of the civic reception discontinued since the Reform Bill riots at the entry of Archbishop Howley in 1832.

DR. BENSON has consented to succeed Dr. Tait as patron of the National Society for Preserving the Memorials of the Dead. One of the first works undertaken by the Society will be the recutting of the inscription on the tomb of Mrs. Bracegirdle, the famous actress, in Westminster cloisters. He has also accepted the vice-presidency of the Dalrymple Home for Inebriates.

A NEW SECURITY is soon to make its appearance in the money market, though little likely to be "quoted" on the Stock Exchange, in the shape of Salvation Army Bonds. Many friends, it seems, have given General Booth considerable sums who cannot afford to do without the interest of the money, and to these the General guarantees 5 per cent. on their donations during their lives. Hitherto the Army has borrowed for various purposes some 20,000/- from building societies, &c., at 6, 7, and even 7½ per cent. The General now professes his readiness to receive deposits of any amount above 5/- "for fixed periods at fixed rates of interest." The Archbishop Designate lately called on Mr. Booth for information as to the Army and its methods, and seemed to be of opinion (so far as "the General" could gather) that it should continue its good work of getting at the masses, though he wished this to be done in harmony with the Church of England. On this latter point the General could promise nothing definite.

MESSRS. MOODY AND SANKEY will visit Liverpool in April. The local committee have engaged Hengler's Circus for the services.

AN INFLUENTIAL MEETING OF CHURCHMEN was held on Tuesday in the Town Hall, Reading, under the presidency of the Bishop of Oxford, to arrange for the reception of the Church Congress, which will hold its meetings for 1883 in Dr. Mackarness's diocese. Long lists of vice-presidents, hon. secretaries, and general committee-men, "with power to add," were proposed and carried. Mr. Smith, M.P., expressing an earnest hope that no good man would be excluded on account of difference in views; and it was determined that a temporary building should be erected for the meetings capable of holding at least 2,500 people. To meet these expenses those present agreed to raise a guarantee fund of 2,000/-

DR. SUTHER, Bishop of Aberdeen and Orkney since 1857, died at his residence in Aberdeen on Tuesday. He had been in ill-health for a considerable time.

THE POPE, according to the *Osservatore Romano*, has created the Benedictine Monastery of Fort Augustus in Scotland an abbey immediately subject to himself. Thus, adds the clerical journal, the same Pope which gave Scotland back her episcopal hierarchy, has now restored her monastic organisation.

IN REPLY TO AN ADDRESS from the Nuneaton branch of the Church Association, the Bishop of Manchester disclaims any "wish that a party character should be given to his action; his endeavour is to maintain the authority of law for the protection and in the interests of all." An address of sympathy has been also presented to him from a meeting of the Ruridecanal Chapter of Sheffield, under the Presidency of Canon Blakeneay, and another urging him to adopt a "live and let live policy" from the Dean of Manchester and others. To both Bishop Fraser replies in effect that "there is no bondage so great as that of man living in a state of anarchy." For himself he is "a Churchman of the school-type of Richard Hooker, and accepts heartily and loyally the principles of the Reformation." A writ of *Quare impedit* has been served on the Bishop from the Queen's Bench Division, at the instance of Sir P. Heywood, in case of refusal to institute Mr. Cowgill to the living of St. John's, Miles Platting.

IN CONSEQUENCE OF AN INQUIRY held last year by the Charity Commissioners, the Archbishop, Dean, and Archdeacon of Canterbury for the time being, together with six other persons, have been appointed trustees for the administration of the charities belonging to the French Walloon Church in Canterbury. The church is in the crypt of Canterbury Cathedral, and the services often attract foreign visitors.

THE REPAIR OF PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL will probably take five years to carry out. A larger force of men has been employed, and the floor of the Choir will soon be sufficiently cleared to permit additional scaffolding to be put up. The demolition of the Tower will then begin at once.



IN taking a sort of formal farewell of the late Mr. Robertson's pieces, the rights over which are passing into other hands, Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft have done wisely in selecting for revival the comedy of *Caste*, originally produced at the Prince of Wales's in 1867. Some little doubt seems to have been felt as to the reception which might be expected at the HAYMARKET for this play, in which sentiment and humour, homely incident and pathos, are so pleasantly commingled. The Haymarket and Tottenham Street, however, are not so widely separated in taste and feeling as this doubt seems to imply; and there are qualities in this play which neither an existence of sixteen years, nor a removal to more sumptuous quarters, was likely to affect. A thoughtful and discriminating writer in the daily press, while recognising in great measure these by no means common merits, has pointed out that the pathos and sentiment of the story are, in the author's hands, always checked before they reach any very serious point; and he has declared his conviction that the public taste of the present day demands "a more vigorous touch." To us it seems that the situations—witness that really fine scene between the mother, the son, and the son's newly-wedded wife at the close of the second act, and again that between the young supposed widow and her autocratic mother-in-law in the third act—rather overstep in their pathetic interest than fall short of the line which separates comedy from drama. The story of *Caste* unquestionably lays holds of the sympathies of the spectators. In its primary elements we admit that it is not new; of what story, indeed, can the contrary be affirmed? But its personages are sketched with much freshness of observation, and are very agreeably contrasted. Besides this they have the crowning merit of being genuine factors in the working out of its issues without sacrifice at any point of their individual consistency. How rare a quality this is will be perceived at once by any playgoer who will take stock of his experiences even of successful plays. Take the daring, defiant, unscrupulous lady in *Forget Me Not* for example, who apparently, because the authors could invent nothing better, suddenly becomes an abject coward at the mere sight of a vindictive Corsican in the likeness of a cringing Italian organ grinder. Take the somewhat dull, but thoroughly honourable Captain Crichton, whom Mr. Kendal impersonates with such

admirable humour and sense of character in the comedy of *Impulse* at the St. James's. All the ingenuity of the author has not enabled him to avoid the absurdity of assuming that this high-spirited gentleman would continue to welcome on terms of cordial friendship the mean, cowardly, and pitiful scoundrel of the piece, even after his scoundrelism has been made fully apparent. If, again, we turn to that otherwise interesting comedy, *Comrades*, at the Court Theatre, we find the gallant and generous Captain Darleigh, in the person of Mr. Coghlan, treating the lady whom he loves with a cruelty wholly unnecessary, and without any excuse, save the simple one that without this blemish the story must persevere come to a premature termination. Such faults as these, at all events, are not to be found in the best of Mr. Robertson's plays. *Caste*, we are glad to add, is admirably acted. Of the delightful qualities of Mrs. Bancroft's Polly Eccles, or the thoroughly genial and gentlemanlike touches of Mr. Bancroft's Captain Hawtree there is no need to speak. These are the only performers who remain, not of the original company only, but of the exponents of the characters in subsequent revivals. The most important newcomers are Mr. David James in the part of the drunken profligate Eccles, and Mrs. Stirling in that of the Marquise de St. Maur. Mr. James's portrait will not satisfy those who retain a vivid impression of the late Mr. George Honey's really marvellous performance; but it is highly studied, rich in traits of character, and full of humour. Of Mrs. Stirling's impersonation it may confidently be said that it will bear something more than favourable comparison with that of her three predecessors. Its true dignity and surprising vigour conduct much to develop the spirit of the moving situations in which the Marquise is a leading figure. In Miss Gerard the management have secured a pleasing and interesting representative of the heroine. In Mr. Conway's George D'Alroy the last traces of the cavalry officer with the "thick lisp" whom the author imagined have disappeared, and in his place we have a quiet, well-bred young gentleman, who carries on his love-making with some slight warmth, mingled also with some aversion to the natural effusiveness of the youthful lover. The change is in certain respects an improvement; for Mr. Robertson's young cavalry officer was hardly sufficiently "differenced" for stage contrast from his friend and constant chum, Captain Hawtrey. Something, however, is wanting to the suggestion of that uncontrollable passion which oversteps the barriers of social pride. Mr. Hare's old part of Gerridge is cleverly played by Mr. Brookfield. A comedietta, entitled *The Little Sentinel*, which is now revived by way of introductory piece, serves at least the purpose of showing what conventional devices sufficed to divert playgoers of twenty years or so ago. The character of May, which Mrs. Bancroft used to make us think, and probably could again make us think, very delightful, proves to be not much suited to the talents of Miss Julia Gwynne.

The revival of *The Comedy of Errors* in the compressed and mutilated form of the version now performing at the STRAND is chiefly interesting on account of Mr. J. S. Clarke's cleverly grotesque performance of that typical slave or servant of the ancient classical drama, Dromio of Syracuse. Mr. Paulton, as the other Dromio, very skilfully contrives to present a sufficiently close resemblance for the purposes of the play; for it is to be remembered that it is not required that the audience should mistake the distinction between the twain, but only that there should be a plausible ground for conceiving that the good folk of Ephesus are so deceived. The two Antipholuses are very satisfactorily represented by Mr. Gordon and Mr. Charles respectively. After all, these resemblances seem to be pretty much a matter of the "tiring room" and the skilful use of the hare's foot, together with some faculty for mimicking tone and manner, though there are, of course, limits. Mr. Hare and the late Mr. Paul Bedford, for example, could hardly have made shift to appear together as the two Dromios. The comedy has been very carefully provided with scenery and costumes. Mr. Lewis Wingfield, who is responsible in the latter respect, appears to have gone very diligently in quest of that will-o'-the-wisp, the true period of the story. Having determined this point with a sufficient approach to sufficient reasons, he has, moreover, very dexterously secured for himself "ample scope and verge" by reminding us that on the mart at Ephesus costumes of all nations might at the time supposed be expected to be seen. Mr. Clarke does not venture on this Shakesperian experiment without supplementing it by a reappearance in the perennial *Toodles*; but under the conditions described *The Comedy of Errors* must rank as a successful revival of a Shakespearian comedy which had long been withheld from our stage.

Mr. Charles Reade's strong and abiding faith in the charms of his rustic drama founded on Mr. Tennyson's *Dora* has, we regret to say, not received anything like a full confirmation from the revival of this piece, after sixteen years, at the ADELPHI Theatre on Thursday evening. So far from striking the spectator as "a simple bit of nature," its sentiment seemed rather forced and artificial. Only acting of the most truthful and moderate, yet forcible, kind could, perhaps, give effect to a story which, though extended to three acts, is almost devoid of interest. Unfortunately the acting at the Adelphi lacks the simplicity and truth which touch the heart of the spectator. Mr. Charles Warner has expended so much pains upon the character of Farmer Allan that it is the more to be regretted that we cannot honestly say that his performance moved the audience very greatly, or impressed them with its sincerity. Miss Sophie Eyre, who plays the heroine, has a pretty face and a pretty manner, but has no great command of pathos. It must be admitted that the revival hardly had a fair chance; but, although this time the scenery was highly picturesque, there were certain incongruities in the performance which greatly marred its effect. For commencing the play at so late a period of the evening that it was not concluded till half an hour after midnight the management have only themselves to blame. Two long dramas in one evening sorely tried the patience of a not unfriendly audience.

Miss Litton, who has been suffering from a long and painful illness, is, we are glad to learn, slightly better, though unhappily not out of danger.

The Rivals has attained its 50th night of performance at the VAUDEVILLE.

The CRITERION Theatre is closed, apparently without much prospect of reopening. Its construction was declared by the Building Act Committee of the Board of Works to be unsatisfactory. The Lord Chamberlain, therefore, has declined to renew the license, except on condition of certain changes being made, and these are said to be impracticable.

In the American papers Mr. Frayne is, with questionable taste, advertised as "the noted actor who accidentally shot Miss Van Dernen, to whom he was engaged to be married, at Cincinnati on Thanksgiving Night." This refers, of course, to the terrible accident during the performance of the drama called *Sz Slocum*.

It is rather late in the day to notice pantomimes, but we cannot help awarding a meed of praise to Mrs. Lane, of the BRITANNIA Theatre, for holding in a great measure to the old comic, knock-me-down performance rather than adopting the new music-hall form of extravaganza now so popular with the managers of our West-end theatres. The *Diamond Statue; or, the King of the Genii*, is a really amusing pantomime. The harlequinade, in particular, is in the real old-fashioned style. Mr. J. W. Lawrence is a pantaloon far above the average, and Mr. Tom Lovell, the clown—one of the best we have ever seen—excites roars of laughter by genuine fun, and not by means of elaborate stage tricks. Of the characters in the opening we may especially mention Miss L. Howe, Miss Rose Randall, Miss Lily Wilford, and Miss Blanche Ranson; Captain Crichton, whom Mr. Kendal impersonates with such

Messrs. G. B. Bigwood, Mr. G. Lewis; and last, but by no means least, the Brothers Wemms, whose fund of comicality is apparently inexhaustible. We should recommend these talented comedians to try the part of the two Dromios.

THE SPECIAL ARTIST

THE following extracts from an article, by Mr. H. V. Barnett, in the February number of the *Magazine of Art* (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin), may interest our readers:—

"We have heard much in late years of the wonderful feats of the Special Correspondent; of the Special Artist, however, but little is heard. And yet, when you consider his work and his peculiar difficulties, you must admit that he is at least as remarkable a person as the Special Correspondent. I, for one, go so far as to say that he is by far the more astonishing character of the two. His progress has been swifter; for though he is only in his early youth, he has done astounding things. Then he represents a development of art much more novel than that of brilliant letter-writing. I can say, in fact, as one who has done both, that under pressure of time it is much less difficult to write a column or so of fairly accurate and picturesque description, than to make a comprehensible sketch of a scene which may have existed only for a few minutes. It may be laid down as a journalistic axiom, that it is easier to describe with the pen than to delineate with the pencil. . .

"There are Specials and Specials. There is, for instance, the gentleman who, having gone with an expedition, say to Madagascar, and there met a duke and a marquis in disguise, has returned to England with an increased sense of his own importance, and a curious delusion that he has somehow become related to the aristocracy. His girth is greater, and he is affably distant in his manner to his old friends. His hotel expenses, I believe, are heavy, and his sketches scarcely as good as they used to be. . . Then there is the War Special, the man of great campaigns. He is not unacquainted with the interiors of military prisons. His work is always individual, and often imaginative in the highest degree. He does things in his own way; but that way is a good one. Again, there are the younger men, who think nothing of calmly walking down a mile and a half of open road peppered by the enemy's bullets, and who have even been known on occasions to punch dictatorial colonels who have been guilty of mistaken interferences. . .

"It may be accepted for fact that the Special Artist, as a rule, is thoroughly conscientious, and is often as brave and daring as he is faithful. Mistakes occur now and then; an occasional error is inseparable from the conditions under which he works; but, on the whole, his productions are remarkably accurate, and the wonder is, that not blunders are so many, but that they are so few. . .

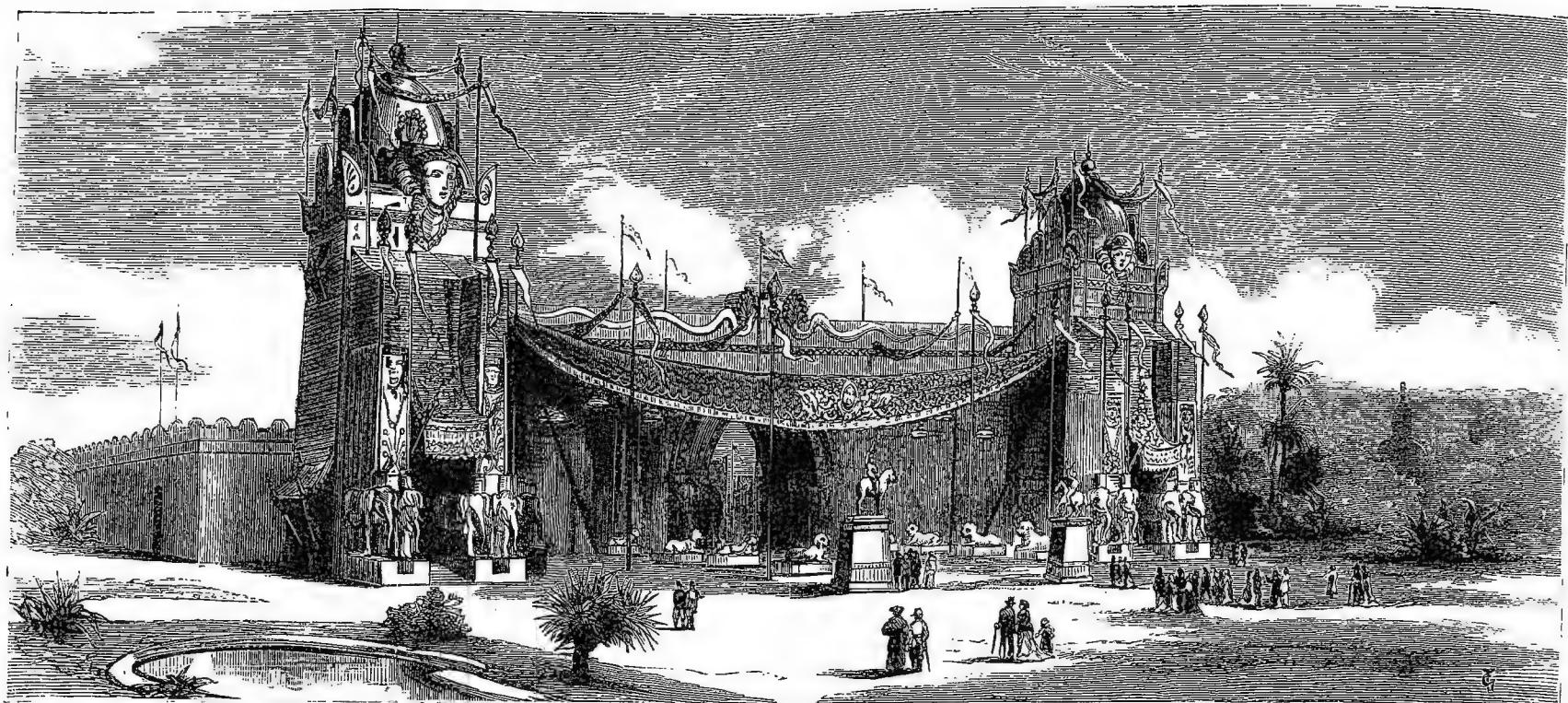
"It is a rule with the Special Artist to 'take copious notes,' of character, of costume, of architecture, of incident, and even of effect; and these memoranda are always of the greatest service in building up accurately the details of the main picture. A Special present, for instance, at the recent ceremony at the new Law Courts, would fill up the intervals of waiting by making sketches of the various state costumes—perhaps 'thumb-nail' portraits of the functionaries who wore them—indicating little idiosyncrasies of bearing and gesture and expression. He would make, also, a variety of sketches of the broad general aspect of the scene, so as to get it thoroughly in his mind: thoroughly mastered and ready to hand as it were when the culmination of the ceremony should arrive. And at this point his abilities are most severely tested. There comes an instant when the scene resolves itself into a true picture, which remains for a minute, perhaps, and then melts. For that supreme moment the Special Artist watches with all his faculties; it bursts suddenly upon him, and instantly he must select and record its essentials. . .

"Mr. Villiers, of *The Graphic*, has done first-rate work in Afghanistan, and on other theatres of war besides. The assault on the great Gravitz redoubt was one of the chief events in the famous siege. After a tremendous bombardment of five days, the Russian Infantry assault on the redoubts began on the 11th September, 1877; and on the 12th Skobelev was master of the place. Then, however, Osman let loose his Turks upon the victors, and Skobelev was hurled back upon his entrenchments, and the redoubt recaptured. The fighting was of the grimmest type; the slaughter done was horrible. There were fifteen hundred dead in the redoubt alone; Skobelev lost three thousand men—the fourth of his whole command—in one short rush of a few hundred yards. It is in scenes like this that the Special Artist has to work. And it was at the instant of the desperate last assault that took the Russians into the redoubt that Mr. Villiers made his sketch. It is obvious that since the assault was delivered late in the evening of a very foggy day, Mr. Villiers must have been literally in the thick of the fight. Rough and hurried as the sketch is, it is far more impressive, suggestive, and real than any engraving can be, and it is not without that quality of imagination which is a necessary attribute of the first-rate Special Artist.

"Imagination and individuality are distinguished features of the work of Mr. Sydney Hall, another *Graphic* special, very famous for his admirable services in the great war of 1870. 'The Last Bivouac of All' is not the least impressive of his drawings. Mr. Villiers works with a rather hard pencil on a thin paper, dashing in his 'effect' with a slight wash of Indian ink; but this sketch of Mr. Hall's has been executed with neutral tint and white on a grey-toned paper. It was taken on the field of Champigny during the siege of Paris, and it pictures an incident in what the artist has described as 'the weirdest walk I ever took in my life.' The scene was the hill above Villiers. 'The crest of the hill,' says Mr. Hall, 'was covered with straw, from which the relief was taking armfuls. We followed them. We passed a group of some fifty dead arranged in five rows. Many of their poses were beautiful, most were horrible, all were awful. Some with uplifted arms, some pressing them to their sides as if clasping musket at support, one tearing the handkerchief from his neck. The faces that were not blackened or blood-stained seemed more livid in the ghostly light. Above them shone the stars. They used to say that the spirits of the dead become stars. Their last bivouac of all was a ghastly spectacle.' Mr. Hall, I may add, was twice a prisoner—once on each side—in this war, and has been twice to Canada for *The Graphic*, his last expedition being with the prairie tour of the Marquis of Lorne, in which he encountered many difficulties, and had many adventures; and he has done much able and accomplished work here in England. . .

"Mr. Herbert Johnson, with his coadjutor Mr. F. Villiers, has recently returned from Egypt, where an adventure happened to him which I give here, because it illustrates the Special's audacious perfidy and the difficulties with which he has often to contend. Mr. Johnson was attached to the Indian Division, whose advance on Cairo was expected to be separate from that of the main force under Sir Garnet Wolseley. At the last moment, however, the two columns were combined; when, as the regulations forbade more than one representative of each journal accompanying a force in the field, he became an outcast. Alert staff-officers threatened arrest, imprisonment, expulsion from the country; and the Special was caught more than once trying to smuggle himself to Cairo disguised as an officer's servant, and several times he was ignominiously hauled out of hiding in baggage-trucks. At last he got to Tel-el-Kebir by crouching between trusses of hay in a iorrag train—where the mosquitoes and the heat rendered him totally unrecognisable. He

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THE BUILDING OF THE INTERNATIONAL COLONIAL EXHIBITION TO BE OPENED AT AMSTERDAM NEXT MAY



MR. ANTHONY TACCHI
(English Secretary and Interpreter)

MR. MOSES ANDRIANISA
(Secretary to the Ambassadors)

RANJALAHY
(Aide-de-Camp)

MR. MARIKA RABIBISOA
(Secretary to the Ambassadors)

His Excellency RAVONINAHITRINIARIVO
(15th Honour Officer of the Palace, Chief Secretary of State for
Foreign Affairs in Madagascar, First Ambassador)

His Excellency RAMANIRAKA
(14th Honour Officer of the Palace, Member of the Privy Council,
Second Ambassador)

THE EMBASSY FROM H.M. THE QUEEN OF MADAGASCAR NOW VISITING ENGLAND — THE AMBASSADORS AND THEIR SUITE



DRAWN BY SYDNEY HALL

As he passed from beneath the archway to where she sat, he crossed a moonlit space, and the rays of light sparkled for an instant on his sword and the silver star on his uniform, and attracted her eye.

LIKE SHIPS UPON THE SEA

BY FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPPE

AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE," "A CHARMING FELLOW," "AMONG ALIENS," &c., &c.

"We twain have met like ships upon the sea."

CHAPTER VII.

For his part, Mario Masi had yielded to the pleasantness of falling in love with the fair English girl, as he yielded to all pleasant impulses, without a thought of resistance. Violet was pretty, and fresh, and gentle. She had sufficient culture and intelligence to make it worth while to talk with her seriously when one felt inclined, and to ensure her appreciation of one's best moods; and she had no retensions to set up as a clever woman, one of those *donne supérieures* of whom Masi had a horror. Perhaps he a little under-rated Violet's native sense. But her ignorance of the world was undeniable. And she had, moreover, a delightful love of laughter, which Masi had supposed to be rare among Englishwomen.

Altogether he had found the path which led him into love with Violet Moore most seductively easy and agreeable. Evening after evening, day after day, he haunted Miss Baines's lodging, and passed hours in Violet's society. It was so pleasant to be with her! It was so sweet to see her innocent face smile and glow at his coming—to hear the low, sweet voice, which had a tone in it for which it had for no one else—to enjoy the thousand little unspoken

confidences which grew up between them, and set them apart in each others' minds from the rest of the world! It was so delicious to receive the unconscious flattery of Violet's growing reliance on him, and belief in him, and worship of him!

Masi had always declared that he should never marry. He had some small means of his own. He had inherited from his father a tiny estate and a small capital fairly well invested. The whole of his private income was less than that of many an English clerk, but together with his pay it made him almost rich, so long as he was alone in the world, and had to think of no one but himself. True, he had neither carriage nor horses. He smoked the Government tobacco, and drank the wine of the country. But he never needed to deny himself the luxury of a street cab, if he wished to use one; he always had a cigar to give to a friend, and could afford to dine at a restaurant where the table-linen was spotless. But with a wife all that would be changed. As to marrying a girl without a penny, the paternal regulations of the Italian army had taken care to provide against that folly so long as he remained in the service. It would be impossible for him to obtain leave to marry, unless he could prove that he and his wife between them were possessed of a

certain income apart from his pay. Nina Guarini, who liked him, and had formerly received a good deal of his confidence, used to advise him to look out for a wife with money. But that road to fortune did not allure him. He professed to dislike and despise the man who could marry a woman for her money.

"Well," retorted Nina, "but you may fall in love with a rich girl, or at least a girl with a decent *dot*! Why shouldn't a girl with a *dot* be loved? There's no reason in human nature against it."

"None at all. Only I shan't happen to fall in love with a girl with a *dot*. It isn't my destiny. You'll see; and the best way is to put the whole question of marrying out of my head once for all."

But now the question of marrying presented itself in a startlingly importunate manner. He had absolutely no knowledge of Violet's worldly position, but he had received the impression that she was chiefly dependent on her aunt. And in any case it was clear that they were not rich. "We could not go and live at Boscombe on what I have," said Mario to himself. "It would be too terrible. I know I should put a revolver to my head before six months were over!" It did not occur to him to consider what Violet would do if she consented to accompany him to Boscombe. He certainly

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was thus able to dodge staff-officers and censors; but having no rations of his own, and being unable to claim any from the authorities, he fell into desperate straits. He tells me that he walked all over the field of Tel-el-Kebir the day after the battle there, 'looking for a breakfast,' and finding none; and at last, worn out, he declared himself late in the afternoon to Sir Garnet, who, under the circumstances, offered him a seat in his train just starting for Cairo. All went well afterwards, and Mr. Villiers being down with fever, Mr. Johnson took his place, and remained at Cairo until ordered home.

"Mr. C. E. Fripp, son of the well-known water-colourist, is the youngest of *The Graphic* specials. He has already seen much service, having served through the last three wars in South Africa—the Caffre, the Zulu, and the Transvaal. He has a rare sketching talent, and indomitable energy and pluck. His sketch of the battle of Ulundi, the decisive engagement in the Zulu War, is at once suggestive, picturesque, and expressive. His original drawing of the battle of Unodwengo also deserves attention. Here, indeed, is the making of a picture—the blue sky and mountains in the bright morning light; the swarms of Zulus in the middle distance, the front ranks of our infantry blazing away at them, the rear ranks digging shelter trenches; and in the foreground a fine suggestion of struggling men and horses. The battle with all its romance and motion, its incidents and excitements, its contrasts and amazing din, is delineated quite as fully as need be; and the sketch is an admirable specimen of its kind. Mr. Fripp, is one of the ablest of figure-draughtsmen; his South African sketches show a notable grasp of character, both individual and racial."



THE SEASON AND THE MARKETS.—The price of wheat, barley, and oats is advancing, as is not unnatural for the time of year, especially when it is borne in mind that at the beginning of January currencies were 8s. under the terms with which 1882 commenced, and the grain worth 100s. for three qrs., one each of wheat, barley, and oats, then was recently quoted as low as 92s. The advance too is not quick. Bakers are still somewhat chary of replenishing stocks, and horse and cattle food is abundant, with a promise of large maize receipts from America in the spring. The damp, foggy, and mild weather of the first three weeks of January bothered factors and farmers alike, and gave that general disappointment which it is the prerogative of English weather to impart. Since we have had an improvement in the weather, farmers have been very busy, and ploughing and seed-drilling have been in rapid progress, while threshing has been resumed with fresh vigour, and market deliveries are accordingly upon the increase. The American wheat arriving at our ports is not satisfactory to millers, and grading disputes further hamper the trade. The autumn-sown corn in England has come up fairly, and looks healthy. It is remarkable, however, that the mild winter has not resulted in a tall and forward growth. In many districts farmers consider the November wheat a week late, as far as they can judge by remembrance of other years.

THE COST OF SILOS.—A silo may be very expensively or very cheaply built. Forage has been and can be well saved in simple trenches dug out of suitable soils, or cheap concrete may line such excavations, whilst the structure may be built entirely above ground, at the cost of the four walls enclosing the necessary space, and of a light moveable roof, or, as will be more generally the plan, the silo will be the basement of another building. There is also some probability of ensilage being made by simple pressure through Ladd's or some other press—an experiment which will shortly be tried. We have also heard of grass being this season successfully saved by simple compression, independently of any building.

THE ENGLISH CART HORSE SOCIETY have fixed their Show for February 27th and three following days. The last day of entry is February 13th, the locale, as usual, the Agricultural Hall, Islington. A good Show is looked forward to, though the long number of years during which the Royal Agricultural Society persistently favoured Clydesdales and Suffolks had, no doubt, a most discouraging influence.

DAIRY FARMING is steadily growing in importance, and many farmers are asking with some anxiety, "Can ordinary pasture produce first-quality butter?" It is reassuring to know that so good an authority as Dr. Voelcker replies, "Decidedly, if you take due care that the cream doesn't sour before it is churned." And for particulars he adds, "In the first place, you must look carefully after all the people employed in and about the dairy to see that strict cleanliness is observed; above all, you must see that those who milk the cow do so with clean hands; secondly, you should be sure that the cows are perfectly 'stripped,' because if this is not done it is the means of sowing the germs of rancidity. Then when the milk is drawn from the cow, it ought to be cooled down directly to the point marked 'temperate' on a Fahrenheit thermometer, so as to take what is called 'the animal heat' from it."

FOOT AND MOUTH DISEASE has broken out somewhat violently in Surrey. One outbreak has occurred at Merstham, another at Hawley, and a third at Reigate. In Yorkshire this troublesome malady is also very prevalent, two bad outbreaks having recently occurred near Huddersfield.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.—A Bohemian waxwing has been shot near Maresfield Park in Sussex. Its plumage is in excellent condition, and its "points" are very distinct and beautiful.—Whilst walking on the beach near Lancing, on Sunday last, a Mr. Bolt, seeing a fish in the water, walked into the sea, and managed to catch in his hands a cod, weighing 15 lb.—A specimen of the large white butterfly was caught at Lytham, on the wing, a few days ago.—A little bustard was recently seen near Padstow, Cornwall. Being rare, harmless, and interesting, of course it was shot.—An albino white rabbit has been killed in Durford Wood, near Petersfield.—Perhaps the prettiest sight in London, and certainly one of the most unexpected, is the kingfisher which (no one knows how or whence) has come of the last week to live by the Serpentine, and may be seen flying over that water when encouraged to such excursions by a glimpse of sunshine.

MISCELLANEOUS.—We are glad to hear that Sir H. Hawley has been successful in his action against the West Malling Rural Sanitary Authority for polluting the beautiful little Kentish stream, the Leybourne, with sewage.—The Nottingham Town Council have bought a large piece of land for a new cattle market.—From all quarters, even from Scotland, news arrives of the fall of early lambs.

QUEEN ANNE'S NOSE

THE reign of Anne has a fair sound in history. It is associated with the victories of Marlborough, with the union of England and Scotland, with men of letters known to fame as the "Queen Anne men"; with architecture and with furniture that also bear the name of the "good Queen." The wife of Prince George of Denmark was not beautiful, but her features, if artists speak truly, were not defective, and it may be especially noted that the most prominent

feature of the human face had due honour awarded it in the portrait by Sir Godfrey Kneller. Fielding's "Amelia" is the only heroine in fiction with a broken nose, and the historians, if we may trust our memory, mention no Queen, either in ancient or modern story, who has been troubled with a similar calamity.

Anne had sorrows enough to endure without the addition of this unqueenly defect. Royalty without an arch to its nose might produce a revolution, an insurrection at the Mint would be inevitable; the poet Laureate would be more troubled than he was in his school-days with *pox asinorum*; and the Court painter missing the accustomed line of beauty would throw up his vocation.

That the sacred features of a living Queen can be ever thus defaced by loyalty forbids us to believe, but a dead lion unfortunately is treated with less respect than a living dog.

Great Alexander, dead and turned to clay,
May stop a hole to keep the wind away,

and a British monarch is liable to be shamelessly handled when dead and carved in marble. London statues can rarely be said to adorn the capital—the statue of Queen Anne degrades it. It is well known that this Royal personage stands with her back to the Cathedral she loved so well, her face fixed upon more than one ugly achievement of modern civilisation. The statue, enclosed in its cage of rusty iron, was the work of Francis Bird. "I cannot say," writes Defoe, "that it is extremely like Her Majesty, yet it is very masterly done, with the crown on her head, her sceptre and globe in her hand, and adorned with her Royal robes and ensigns of the Garter. Round her pedestal are four fine figures in marble, representing France, Great Britain, Ireland, and America." Alas! for the "fine figures" representative of Majesty and Empire. Time has worked its revenge upon them all, while one, we grieve to say, has been deprived of her nose. This is sad enough; but, gazing upwards, we perceive with virtuous horror that the most illustrious Queen herself has been treated with the same indignity. Yes, there she stands, a crowned monarch beneath the shadow of St. Paul's—the jest of foreigners and the disgrace of Englishmen. Nobody is to blame, of course; no one can be to blame in a City where civic responsibilities are divided with such consummate art. Otherwise we might venture to hint that when a public monument has become a thing of shame instead of beauty, it is time it should be either removed or restored. An old building may be the joy of poet and artist; for there is

—a golden beauty in decay,
As autumn's leaves outshine the leaves of May;

but a noseless Queen, hideous in her deformity, is not an object likely to encourage loyalty. We recommend this case of destitution to the clergy. Anne was a nursing mother to the Church, and her Bounty to this day warms the hearts of many a parsonage. Everybody knows the story of the sailors who, in the immediate prospect of shipwreck, thought it high time to perform some act of religion. They tried to pray, but could not; they tried to sing a hymn, but were unable to remember the words. "Let us have a collection," cried Jack; and with this final act of piety the men prepared to meet their fate. Jack's proposal, though well meant, was not exactly a wise one, perhaps it may be accounted superstitious; but if useless in a storm, a collection in London accounted a panacea for most evils. Let us have one for Queen Anne. St. Paul's is hard by; the pitiable object can be seen by the congregation; a monarch holds out her hand for charity; the tears, we were about to say, "course one another down her innocent nose;" but, alas! even the rains of heaven trickling from her forehead testify to the loss sustained. The claim, then, is urgent; the argument simple. If this once-honoured Queen is too little honoured in our day to be worthily represented in marble or in stone, in the name of good feeling and good taste let her damaged effigy, with the much injured representatives of France, Ireland, Great Britain, and America, be carted away as rubbish. If, on the other hand, respect for her memory is still felt, let some proof of this respect be given. Can the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's do nothing? To be or not to be is the question, and it is one which, for the credit of Londoners, should have an immediate answer.

J. D.



THE TURF.—With the exception of a minor "cross-country" meeting at distant Tenby, there have been no active doings on the Turf this week, though the open weather has kept trainers and their charges pretty busy, and jockeys have had to begin to get rid of Christmas superfluities of flesh. Racing men, however, will soon be turning serious attention to coming events, as the weights for most of the Spring Handicaps and the Liverpool Steeple Chase will be published this week, and the acceptances not many days afterwards. The English Turf may take as a compliment the offer recently announced of the King of the Netherlands to present a cup of the value of 600 sovereigns, to be called "The Orange Cup," and to be run for at Ascot, by "horses the property of, and ridden by, British subjects." The distance will be three miles, starting at the extremity of the Swinley Bottom. Certain penalties and allowances will give it a *quasi*-handicap character. The late King of Holland gave an "Orange Cup" of 300 sovereigns, to be run for at Goodwood in 1846, and it was won by Mr. Greville's Alarm after a very exciting finish with Jericho and Wolfdog.—Bruce, the Derby favourite of last year, and winner of the Grand Prix of Paris, is to be sold at Tattersall's on Monday next.—Beau Brummell holds his place as first favourite at 10 to 1, and it is generally expected that he will be Archer's mount; but Fulmen and Macheath tread very close on his heels, the latter being in better request than he was last week, and still heads the market list for the Two Thousand. For the last named race The Prince and Chisellhurst (a curious conjuncture) are next in demand.

COURSES.—The victory of Lord Haddington's sterling old animal, Hornpipe, in the Members' Cup at Altcar, made his Waterloo nomination, which will doubtless be filled by the winner if all goes well with her, first favourite for next month's great event, and at the time of writing she is quoted at 100 to 6, though these odds may be somewhat affected by the result of the Champion Stakes at Kempton Park this week. Of the excellence of Lord Haddington's representative there can be no doubt, as she has won sixty-six and only lost six courses in her public career, a performance which eclipses the marvellous doings of the famous Bab-at-the-Bowster. The Kempton Champion contest is progressing as we write, and as Alec Halliday has won his two first courses and is well drawn, the prospect of his winning the great stake is very great. He was a very unlucky dog to get thrown out in the last Waterloo, but he has done much since to make up for his mishap. Why should he not win the double event of Kempton and Waterloo this year?

FOOTBALL.—The contestants in the Association Cup are now getting fast reduced. Contrary to general expectation Church has beaten Darwen; the Bolton Wanderers and Druids have for the second time played a drawn game; and Old Etonians (the holders) have beaten the Swifts.—For the London Association Cup only the Old Foresters, Old Brightonians, and Upton Park are left in.—Up North a great deal of interest was felt in the Association match

between Glasgow and London, which resulted at Glasgow in favour of the locals by four goals to none.—The first match in the Oxford Association Cup was between Balliol and Merton, the former having beaten the Pilgrims; at the Oval Old Wykehamists have beaten Old Westminsters; at Leamington the Blackburn Rovers have beaten Blackburn Olympic; and Nottinghamshire and Nottingham Forest have played a draw.—Rugbywise, Richmond the best of the Marlborough Nomads; and Edinburgh University have beaten Glasgow University.

PIGEON SHOOTING.—Though this is a pastime we are not as interesting in its way to most "knights of the trigger," calls for a record that for the Grande Poule d'Essai, out of a large entry, the six last left consisted of three Englishmen and three foreigners, and of these Comte de Saint Quentin took the first prize, Mr. Denton the second, and Mr. Blake the third. In the Prix d'Overture Mr. N. S. Day was first, M. de Lecroix second, and Mr. Seaton third. The big event of the meeting has fallen to an Englishman, Mr. H. J. Roberts, who is one of the best shots in the United Kingdom.

CRICKET.—Yet another victory, and that a very important one, for the Hon. Ivo Bligh's team in Australia. In the return match against Murdoch's Eleven, which was in this country last summer, they have again been successful, winning by an innings and 27 runs. It now seems by no means improbable that they will equal the doings of George Parr's team, which visited Australia in 1863-64, and was not defeated in a single match; and it must be remembered that cricket in Australia now is a very different thing to what it was twenty years ago.



THE SALE OF THE OLD LAW COURTS occupied the first two days of the week, the auctioneer's rostrum being set up in the Court where the *Belt* trial was held. Stringent conditions were attached to the sale, and everything must be cleared away by the 31st of March. A new and handsome entrance to the Houses of Parliament will now be constructed on the vacant ground opposite St. Margaret's Church. Meanwhile in the New Courts great complaints continue to be heard of overcrowding, and during the trial of a case on Friday, in which a retired sergeant in the army sought to recover damages for malicious prosecution from his late employer, the proprietor of the East London Aquarium, the throng in the passages was so great that people having business in the Court could scarcely pass in or out. At lunch time in Mr. Justice Manisty's Court on the same day a trial was delayed half-an-hour through the absence of one of the jurors. The delinquent's excuse was that "he had lost himself in the corridors."

THE VERDICT AT THE HOUNSLOW INQUEST has been crushing both to Dr. Whitmarsh and Mrs. Bignell. The jury desired to "express their opinion emphatically that the late Dr. Edwardes had been driven to his death by the pressure brought to bear by his partner Dr. Michael Whitmarsh using the false charge of Mrs. Bignell as a means to drive him to a dishonourable dissolution of partnership." Dr. Whitmarsh, who was hissed and hooted as he left the room, appeared on Tuesday, amidst much excitement, at a meeting of the Hounslow Local Board, of which he is a member, to announce that he had no intention of issuing a writ against the Hundred. Although he had lived there twenty-two years, and spent all his money there, and though his fellow-townsmen had tried to ruin him, he would not ask a farthing from them. Unmoved by this, the Brentford Board of Guardians, to whom the doctor wrote on Wednesday that he had resumed his duties as one of their medical officers, seemed generally of opinion that he should send in his resignation. Still, if Dr. Whitmarsh chooses to remain, the Board has no legal power to dismiss him.

THE YOUTHFUL MURDERERS of Thomas Eves, the proprietor of the Pavilion Gardens at Gravesend, were fortunate enough to be found guilty of manslaughter only; though justice, in so serious a case, could not be satisfied with a lesser penalty than twenty years' penal servitude. Since then Mrs. Eves has received from Clarke a postal order for 17s., the amount found on him when apprehended. In his letter he expresses contrition for his crime, and offers her the sum named, which is all he possesses in the world, in return for her great kindness to him.

MASTER R. C. D. TICHBORNE, eldest son of the Claimant, has written to the Home Secretary, from the Bedford Hotel, Portsmouth, begging that gentleman to use his influence to grant his father's early discharge, "especially as I and my brother and two sisters need a father's attention and advice." Sceptical probably of the benefits they would derive therefrom, the stern Home Secretary returns the stereotyped reply that he sees no sufficient reason to interfere in the case of Thomas Castro or Arthur Orton.

AN IMPORTANT CASE affecting the liabilities of trustees was decided on Saturday in the Supreme Court of Appeal. The defendant, a Mr. Gaunt, had invested part of a trust estate, with the consent of the *beneficiaire*, in municipal securities of the towns of Leeds, Huddersfield, and Halifax, employing as his agent a well-known Bradford broker, although it was said he should have known that two of these towns will issue their securities otherwise than through a broker. Unfortunately the broker employed by Mr. Gaunt embezzled the purchase-money of the securities and absconded, and Vice-Chancellor Bacon decided that Mr. Gaunt must be held liable for the loss. The Court of Appeal ruled that the law must not be strained against an honest trustee, and that in employing a broker, and receiving a "bought-note" as evidence of the completion of the purchase, Mr. Gaunt had done all that could reasonably be expected of him.

A PENSION OF 15/- A YEAR has been granted by the Commissioners of Police to the widow of the young policeman Cole, shot last December by a supposed burglar whom he was endeavouring to arrest at Dalston.

CONSIDERABLE EXCITEMENT was caused last week by the announcement that a box which had been lying for some time at a parcels' receiving office in the Goswell Road, and to which attention had been called by a disagreeable smell, contained the body of a girl between thirteen and fourteen, fair-haired and good-looking, but so emaciated that the doctor's impression is she died of starvation. On inquiry it was found that the box in question had been left at a branch office in the Cambridge Heath Road on the evening of December 11th, to be forwarded to a Miss Green, 3, Abbey Road, St. John's Wood. As no such person could be discovered by the carman the box was taken to the general office, where it remained until the attention of the manager was directed to it. The teeth of the deceased were well-formed and regular, and at one time seem to have been under the care of a skilful dentist. The person who left the parcel is described as of middle age and height, and respectable appearance, and was accompanied by a shabbily-dressed man who acted as a porter. An inquest was opened on the body last Saturday, and adjourned for a fortnight, to give time for the contents of the stomach to be analysed.

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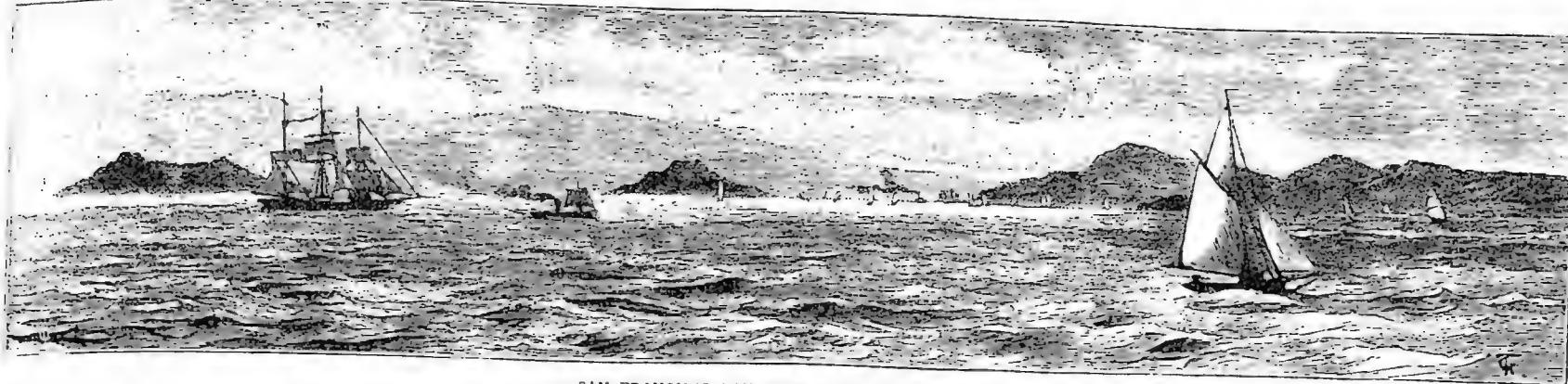
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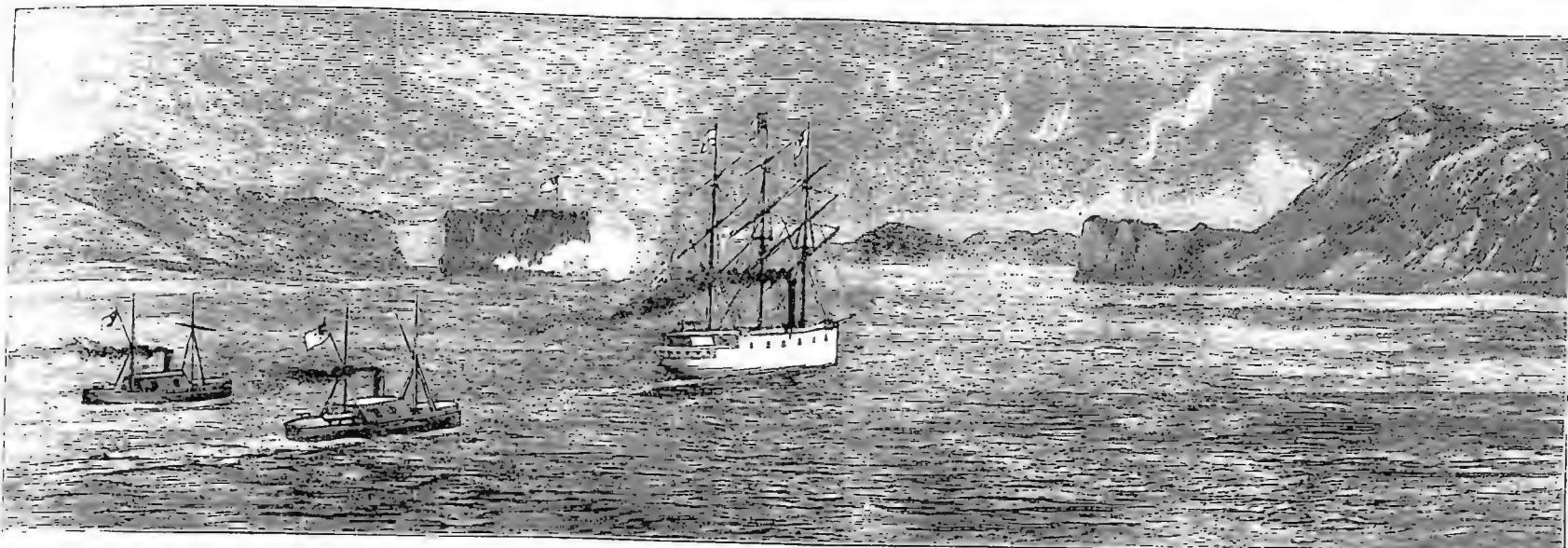
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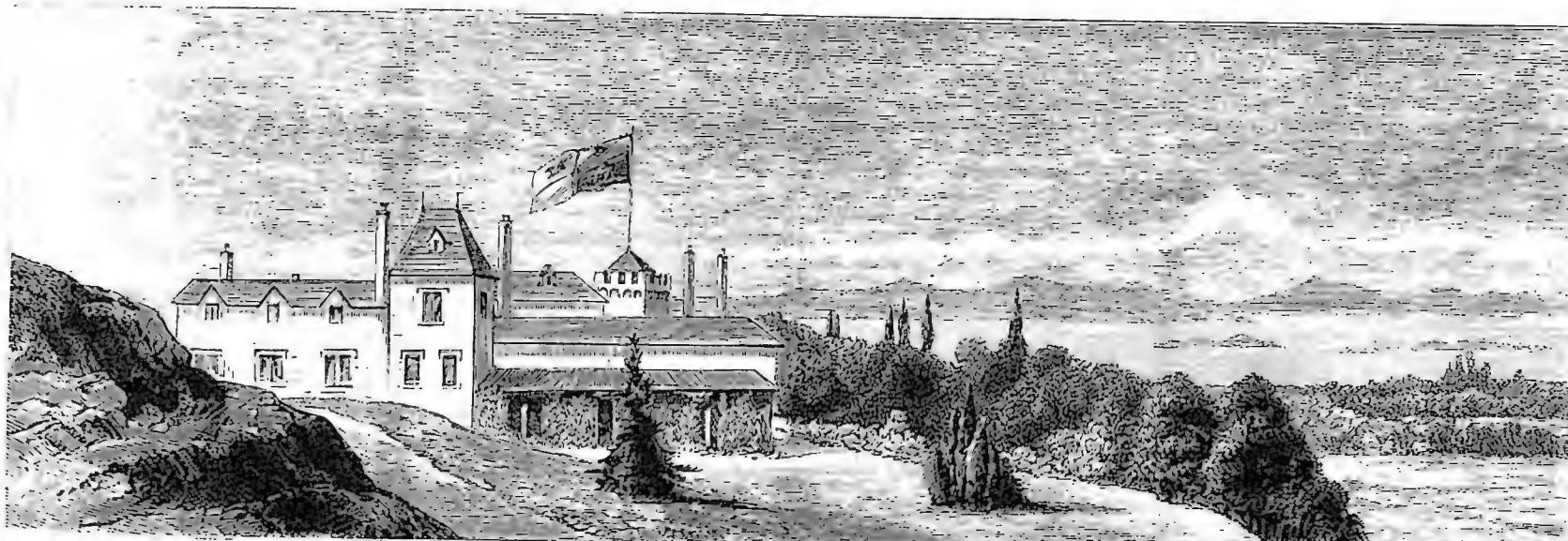
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THE GOLDEN GATE, SAN FRANCISCO—H.M.S. "COMUS" LEAVING THE HARBOUR ACCOMPANIED BY GENERAL McDOWELL: THE FORT SALUTING



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA



MOUNT BAKER AND SAN JUAN ISLAND AS SEEN THROUGH A FIELD GLASS FROM GOVERNMENT HOUSE, VICTORIA

With the Marquis of Lorne in British Columbia

THE great Province of British Columbia, which covers an area twice as large as the United Kingdom, and of which the district traversed by His Excellency the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise, and illustrated in the accompanying sketches, may be taken as a type, is the most westerly of the group of colonies now combined, as separate provinces, under the general name of the Dominion of Canada. If not geographically, at any rate from the point of view of the physical difficulties to be overcome on the journey thither, British Columbia may be said to be the most distant of all the British colonies. A sea voyage from London to Victoria or New Westminster involves the practical circumnavigation of the two continents of North and South America; the shortest and most direct route involves a voyage of 2,500 miles across the Atlantic, and a journey of equal extent across a partially uninhabited continent, with a vast range of mountains and numberless streams and lakes to cross, as a slight detail thrown in. Even the construction of the Pacific Railway across the United States has only partially mended matters, for, when San Francisco is reached, another sea voyage of 700 or 800 miles has to be made before the traveller sets foot on British territory again.

But the removal of all these obstacles is "within measurable distance" of accomplishment. British Columbia will, before another four years have passed by, be within a fortnight's easy journey of London—thanks to that great work, the Canadian Pacific Railway, which is being pushed on so energetically.

Before we discuss the probable results of this railway, let us consider what manner of country this is that it should be thought worth the expenditure of so much labour and money as the construction of the railway must involve. If one of a past generation, to whom British Columbia was unknown, save as a geographical expression embracing a region of barren rocks and perpetual snows and ice, were to arise and hear that the railway surveyors and engineers had been scouring the country with a view to find the best route for the iron road, he might ask in amazement, "But what went ye out for to see?" And with greater amazement still he would receive the reply, "A land of wood and water—hills clothed with magnificent forest trees, and valleys with verdure clad, only awaiting the hoe of the husbandman to yield most bountiful harvests, or the watchful eye of the sheep-farmer and cattle-grazier to supply the markets of the world with meat and wool; a land with a mild and salubrious climate, where the grape and the apple grow side by side; a land where gold and silver and coal and copper exist in abundance; a land whose rivers and seas teem with fish; a land whose picturesque beauty is not to be excelled in any part of the world."

NATURAL DIVISIONS

BRITISH COLUMBIA divides itself naturally into three great divisions:—(1) The southern and milder portion of the mainland, watered by the Great Fraser River, and its numberless tributaries (the whole of the watershed of that stream being within the boundaries of the province), by the upper waters of the Columbia River, which flows into the United States to the east, and ultimately into the southern part of the same great estuary into which the Fraser empties itself, and by the Homathco River to the west. This portion of the country is sub-divided by the Cascade Mountains, which run parallel to the coast at a distance of about 100 miles, into the "coast" or West Cascade, and the "interior" or East Cascade districts; (2) The Northern or sub-Arctic portion, bordering the southern part of Alaska, and including the upper valley of the Mackenzie River; and (3) the Charlotte Islands, lying off the North-West Coast, and Vancouver Island, lying close to and south-west of the mainland.

VANCOUVER ISLAND

To take the last-named first, Vancouver Island would be a grand colony by itself. It measures in extreme length 280 miles, and in extreme width 70 miles, and contains about 16,000 square miles, but its coast line is so broken into innumerable bays and harbours, and so littered with small islands, as to measure close upon 2,000 miles. The main mass of the island is a mountain ridge, culminating in Victoria Peak near the centre, which rises to a height of 7,484 feet. The mountain ranges are heavily timbered, many of the trees exceeding 300 feet in height. The monarch of them all is the Douglas fir, which attains its maximum growth in the neighbourhood of Victoria. There are also the white cedar, a species of oak peculiar to the island, pines, hemlock, arbutus, spruce, maple, and other varieties. All round the coast are rich deposits of coal, of which 270,000 tons were raised in 1880, the principal mine worked so far being that at Nanaimo. Opposite this place is the little island aptly named "Newcastle Island," which is practically one solid coal-mine, with the exception of a quarry of splendid free-stone, resembling granite in appearance, which supplied the material of which the Mint at San Francisco was built. The coal is worked within ten feet of navigable water. Large deposits of iron ore also abound in various parts of the island, while Texada, a large island opposite Jervis Islet, is almost one solid mass of iron.

Scattered amid the profusion of forest growth are rich stretches of agricultural and pasture land; the soil consists of alluvium, closely resembling the patches of rich earth found among the Laurentian rocks of Ontario. The agricultural area, however, is limited in extent, though it is yet by no means fully developed.

THE TOWNS IN VANCOUVER

VICTORIA, the capital of the Island and of the Province, situated at its south-eastern extremity, has already been partially described. The harbour of Victoria itself is small, and unsuited for vessels of the giant size now in vogue; but close by, at Esquimalt (pronounced *Squimo*) most splendid anchorage 36 feet deep, with all the requisites of a first-class harbour, is obtainable, while in the "Royal Roads" outside the inner harbour, all along the coast as far as Race Rocks, a distance of eight and a-half miles, there is room for any number of ships to ride in safety at all seasons. A strip of land less than a quarter of a mile wide is all that divides this harbour from Victoria.

Esquimalt is the headquarters and refitting station of the British North Pacific Fleet. It has lately been furnished with a fine graving dock, and, when the Canadian Pacific Railway is completed, will take that position as a first-class harbour and port of refuge for which its natural advantages fit it.

Perhaps when that time comes the British Government may see the advantage of making Esquimalt hold the same position on the Pacific as Halifax, N.S., does on the Atlantic, and may adequately fortify a place possessing such great strategical and commercial advantages.

Nanaimo is sixty-five miles from Victoria, in a north-westerly direction. It has already been referred to as the centre of the coal-mining district. Notwithstanding the enormous quantities of coal annually "won" at this great Newcastle of the West, to which San Francisco has recourse for all her supplies, and which furnishes all the steamers which ply along this portion of the coast, Nanaimo does not look like a coal-mining place. The houses are much above the average of miners' residences in England,—scattered about in picturesque situations, with gardens and other signs of comfort and taste. The Rev. George M. Grant, Secretary to the first Survey sent out under Mr. Sandford-Fleming to prospect the route for the railway, says that "the view from the town of the Cascades range on the other side of the Straits is almost equal to the view of the long semi-circular line of the Alps from Milan. At sunset, when warmed with the roseate light, or, a little later, when a deep soft blue has displaced the *couleur de rose*, the beauty is almost inconsistent with the ash heaps and tenements of a mining village." Other small mining settlements, such as Comox and Nanoose, have been made, more particularly on the inner coast of the island; and, when the railway is completed, they will no doubt rapidly develop into thriving towns. Comox is an agricultural settlement, and has sprung up to meet the wants of the mining and labouring population in the matter of food supplies. But instead of one or two, there is room for twenty or thirty such settlements. It would be a real disaster if the agricultural capabilities of the island were neglected because of the superabundance of its mineral wealth.

NEW WESTMINSTER

ON the mainland opposite and to the east of Nanaimo, is the mouth of the Fraser River, where is situated New Westminster, the chief town of British Columbia proper. There has been a perpetual rivalry between this city and Victoria ever since its foundation in 1859. When Colonel Moody selected the site for the future city he christened it "Queenboro." This name the citizens in later days were apt to magnify into "Queen Borough," implying that the place was the supreme city of the Province, and, when the spot came to be chosen as the probable terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway, the opposition on the part of the good people of Victoria to the name increased tenfold. As a last resource the question was referred to the Home authorities, and the Queen herself proclaimed the town "New Westminster." Seizing upon this fact with the alacrity of all Canadians the citizens of the New Westminster dubbed their city the "Royal City."

The site upon which the city rises is well-chosen. The River Fraser, just before entering the Gulf of Georgia, is divided into two channels by a triangular island, some fifteen miles in length. A mile and a half above this island, where the stream begins to widen out before it divides, and on its northern bank, stands New Westminster. The streets, which are wide, are laid out at right angles, and ample "breathing room" is further supplied by the series of parks and squares with which the city is furnished. The land slopes somewhat suddenly upwards from the river to the back part of the town, which stands at an elevation of some 300 feet, and a grand panorama opens out as one advances from the river up any of the principal streets in the town. Down by the river side nothing is to be seen but the stream itself and the precipitous banks on the opposite side, which rise over 200 feet above the level of the water. But ascending the slopes of the city the view gradually enlarges. Over the topmost pines on the opposite shore rises peak after peak of the forest-laden mountains, till at last the mighty beacon of Mount Baker, sixty miles away to the north-east, is as clear and as distinct as if within a stone's throw. Further off still are the more distant hills of the Olympian Mountains, clearly cut against the bright sky, though a hundred miles away. Following the river, and gazing westwards across the Gulf of Georgia, are the mountain summits of Vancouver, while further to the left may be seen the lengthening chain of the Cascade Range. Thus the city seems to be surrounded by a continuous ring of snowy peaks, resembling a diadem of alabaster. The river is three quarters of a mile wide here; and when carrying off the water from the melting snows in early spring, rushes past the city with a velocity of from six to seven miles an hour, often bearing on its broad bosom masses of drift wood, which render navigation somewhat perilous.

Though New Westminster has only just attained its majority, and has existed under the cold shade of popular, if not official, neglect, laboriously pushing its way in an out-of-the-way, and—to the general public—almost unknown corner of the world, it is now a fine city, boasting numerous brick and stone edifices; with a large hotel, the "Occident," which might serve as an example to many European establishments, and with fine public offices, schools, and places of worship. Its population is about 3,000.

Steamers run continually between Victoria and New Westminster, doing the trip of seventy miles in about six hours. From New Westminster "stern-wheel" steamers ascend the Lower Fraser as far as Yale, 100 miles, twice a week, taking eighteen hours or more on the upward journey, and but nine or ten hours on the run down, owing to the strength of the current.

BURRARD INLET AND PORT MOODY

FINE as is the site and bright as are the prospects of New Westminster, its importance will be only fully developed—it may indeed be superseded—by the creation of a harbour at Port Moody on Burrard Inlet, at the spot which has been finally selected as the terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Burrard Inlet is a long inlet, somewhat like a Highland Loch, opening into the mainland, nine miles to the north-west of the mouth of the Fraser, with a coast line of sixteen miles in length. This inlet affords a fine natural harbour—or, practically, three distinct harbours—without the disadvantages of a rapid stream coursing down its channel. It has deep

water, and ample room for a large fleet, and if Port Moody, as the embryo town on its southern shore is called, does not supersede New Westminster, it will become the practical port of that city, the final outlet for the produce of the country, and the point at which the incoming merchandise from Asia and the East will be received for transmission across the continent.

A CRUISE UP THE STRAIT OF GEORGIA

WHILE we are here, we may as well take a survey of the other "Inlets" which have run a close race with "Burrard" for the honour of being the terminus of the railway. Closely adjoining Burrard Inlet, to the north, is Howe Sound, which was at one time a likely winner; but it gave place in popular estimation to Burrard Inlet, the magnificent estuary, 130 miles further west, into which the River Homathco falls. The advantage of this route would have been that it would have enabled the line to be carried across the gulf, here at its narrowest point, and studded with islands, and so extended to a terminus at Victoria in Vancouver.

The cruise up the Strait from New Westminster to this point, and beyond, is enchanting in the extreme. While the mighty Pacific Ocean is beating probably in mighty waves all along the outer shores of Vancouver, all here is as "still as a mill-pond"—the tiniest craft is safe in this land-locked arm of the sea, with a fresh harbour or creek at every turn; and yet there is room for the largest steamers afloat. "Such a spectacle," says Lord Dufferin, in describing a visit to the coast of British Columbia, "as the coast line presents, is not to be paralleled by any country in the world. Day after day, for a whole week, in a vessel of nearly 3,000 tons, we threaded an interminable labyrinth of watery reaches that wound endlessly in and out of a network of islands, promontories, and peninsulas, for thousands of miles, unruffled by the slightest swell from the adjoining ocean, and presenting at every turn an ever-shifting combination of rock, verdure, forest, glacier, and snow-capped mountains of unrivalled grandeur and beauty."

THE COAST LINE AND THE FISHERIES

THIS description, indeed, applies to the whole of the seaboard of British Columbia. There is nothing in the world to be compared to it, except it be the coast of Norway, and there the "fjords" are small and few in number compared with the size, the variety, and the frequency of the "inlets" on this shore. And just as they exceed the fjords of Norway in this respect, so do they in the abundance and variety of the fisheries now being developed here. Salmon, cod, sturgeon, mullet, halibut, houlican, anchovies, herring, and other edible varieties exist in profusion. The dogfish is caught in enormous numbers for the sake of the oil which it yields, while seals are also abundant—both the fur-bearing variety and the common kinds valued for their oil rather than their skins. Among the more curious varieties of fish may be mentioned the "candlefish" or houlican (*Osmerus Thalichthys*), which is so full of natural oil that when dried and set alight it will burn like a candle. At present, owing to the absence of a market, the fisheries are worked principally for the sake of their oil; and several large factories have been established all along the coast, right up to the boundary of Alaska. Houlican and dogfish are the fish principally used for the purpose. Whales are also found, and killed in the seas adjoining the coast.

The salmon are at present almost the only edible fish in which a commerce has been established, enormous quantities being annually preserved in tins, or "cans," as they are called in America. All the rivers are full of these fish, of which many varieties, some of them unknown on the Atlantic seaboard, are met with. The Fraser River Salmon Fishery, after yielding as many as four or five million pounds' weight of tinned salmon in a season, has, for some reason not adequately explained, fallen off to less than half its former productivity. Whether "over-fishing" or other causes have been at the bottom of this falling-off, we must leave others to decide, in the assurance that the skilled fishery officers who have charge of the Fisheries of the Province will take all needful steps to prevent the fishery from being permanently injured.

A curious fact—for it is stated most positively by those who have had good opportunities of making the observation—is that the salmon of the Fraser River, when once they have spawned, never return to the sea, but, worn out by the exhaustion consequent on their lengthened journey, and on the function of reproducing their species, perish miserably in the river, being cast upon its banks in thousands.

The cod fishery is also of growing importance, and furnishes employment to a large number of American vessels from San Francisco.

The oyster beds in the Gulf of Georgia are also of value, and are receiving the attention of the fishery authorities, as well as of the fishermen.

QUEEN CHARLOTTE ISLANDS AND THE INDIANS

BETWEEN 52 deg. and 54 deg. N. latitude, and from 40 to 100 miles distant from the mainland, lie a group of islands named after Queen Charlotte. Here are valuable fisheries, upon the development of which much capital has lately been expended. At Skidegate Harbour, near the centre of the group, an oil factory has lately been established. But the islands have greater advantages than even the possession of valuable fisheries. The climate is more genial than that of the mainland opposite, and the islands are less subject to the frequent rainfalls which are characteristic of the summer season on the north-west coast. Cattle at Massett, in lat. 54 deg., winter freely on the natural pastures, the snow never lying deeply or remaining long. The soil is rich, but so densely covered with timber as to afford at present but slight opportunities for agriculture. The native Indians, however, cultivate the potato to sell to their neighbours on the mainland, with whom they communicate by means of their sea-going canoes, vessels of large size and elaborate structure, formed generally out of a single trunk of the North-West cedar (*Thuja gigantea*), and fashioned with a skill which would compare favourably, in point of proportion and fineness of "lines," with the models of our modern clipper ships. Some of these vessels are propelled by as many as fifty paddles. The people have long been noted for their ingenuity, and exhibit an extraordinary proficiency in many mechanical arts.

THE NORTH-WEST COAST

THE extreme north-west coast demands a hurried notice before we return to the Fraser Valley. At present the productive fisheries

of the Nass and Skena Rivers are the principal inducements to settlers; but saw-mills are also being established even as far north as this. The Nass falls into Portland Inlet, at the boundary between Alaska and British Columbia. Twelve miles from its mouth is the principal fishery station, and some miles further up are a missionary station and an Indian village, the approaches to which are formed of the compacted sawdust from the saw-mills. The Skena River discharges into Port Essington, about fifty miles to the south of the Nass. The fishery here gives employment to large numbers of Indians as well as white fishermen, who think nothing of catching in two days enough fish to produce 50,000 tins, weighing 1 lb. each. The Indian women are employed in the manufacture of the nets. The River Skena is navigable by large steamers, and the Nass has been ascended by them for twenty-five miles.

A MODEL MISSIONARY STATION

At the mouth of the river is the important missionary station of Metlakatla, with a population of over a thousand, founded a few years ago by Mr. Duncan, and now ably conducted by him, with the assistance of the Rev. Mr. Collinson and his wife. Besides a saw-mill, a turner's shop, a carpenter's shop, a smithy, and a cooper's yard have been established, where the different trades are efficiently carried on by Red men and whites alike. There is a school, accommodating 150 to 200 children, as fine, healthy, neat, and well-instructed as one would wish to see. Besides all this is a church, capable of seating 1,200 persons, entirely built by native labour.

BACK TO THE FRASER RIVER

THESE outlying and sparsely-inhabited districts, however, must not occupy our attention to the exclusion of that portion of the Province in which the interests of the Dominion and of the Empire are most immediately centred. The above description of them will show what vast resources still await development when the railway shall have opened up the more accessible districts directly illustrated in our sketches. We must, however, on our way back, take a peep up the River Homathco, which falls into Bute Inlet, already referred to. Mr. Smith, one of the Surveyors of the Pacific Railway Survey Department, thus describes the canon of the Homathco, thirty miles from the head of the Inlet:—"The scene here is awfully sublime. The towering rocks, thousands of feet high; far above these, again, the snow-clad peaks, cemented by huge glaciers; and in a deep gorge beneath a mountain torrent, whirling, boiling, roaring, and large boulders always in motion—muttering, groaning like troubled spirits, and ever and anon striking on the rocks, making a report like the booming of distant artillery. But with all this wildness there is the fresh beauty of vegetation. Wherever there is a crevice in the rocks large enough to hold a few inches of soil, trees are growing and wild flowers blooming."

If the Canadian Pacific Railway does nothing else it will confer a boon upon the traveller and sportsman, the sightseer and artist, by bringing within easy reach these wondrous scenes of beauty.

THE CARIBOO GOLD FIELDS

The Homathco, as well as the Fraser, affords a means of communication between the sea and the celebrated Gold Fields of Cariboo, discovered in 1862. In the last twenty years these gold fields have yielded some eight millions sterling of gold, but they have not added one iota to the wealth of the country. Men rushed thither to make their fortunes; made them, and returned to San Francisco, or died in the excesses which the sudden acquisition of wealth led them into. Though each individual miner on the field now earns at least 250/- to 300/- a year, clear profit, on an average, there are probably fewer men steadily working there than ever. Probably there are not more than 2,000 miners there now, although from every sandbank gold can be scooped up, and there is probably far more of the precious metal left in the abandoned claims than has been carried away.

Fortunately British Columbia has never been the scene of the disgraceful outrages and lynchings which formerly gave the mining districts of California such a bad name. Law and order are observed by all classes in marked contrast to the state of things once existing across the United States border.

THE FRASER VALLEY AND THE RAILWAY

THE existence of a railway, and the consequent facilities for furnishing even the distant Cariboo Gold Fields with regular supplies of food and clothing, and for developing the other resources of the country would no doubt have enabled the colony to derive much greater advantage from the gold fields than has been the case. The Fraser itself, on whose valley the earliest discovery of gold took place, earned the name of the "Crazy River," owing to the excitement which the discovery created, and the extraordinary "rush" thither, and the subsequent rush out, which ensued. But the gold fields alone would never have been sufficient inducement for the Dominion to undertake the construction of the railway across the Rocky Mountains and through the hills and across the gorges of British Columbia. The fostering of the permanent industries of agriculture, of coal and iron mining, and of fishing was one of the principal objects in view, and to them the railway must look for the sources of its traffic.

The lower Fraser valley we shall presently follow, in company with the Marquis of Lorne, on artistic thoughts intent. Let us here look at its agricultural and commercial capacity. The lower valley of the Fraser, for about fifty or sixty miles in length, is a lovely, fertile plain, beautifully wooded, watered by innumerable streams and lakes, and with a soil varying from a deep black vegetable humus to a light brown loamy earth. Any crops in the world will grow here. The plains are covered with a dense growth of natural grass called bunch grass, which possesses highly nutritious qualities, and keeps cattle in excellent condition throughout the whole winter. As already stated, grapes and corn, and European fruits and vegetables of all kinds will flourish, while the timber supplies are in every sense magnificent. This valley, with the great and beautiful valley of the Okanagan, lying to the eastward, immediately south of Lake Shuswap, will be directly opened out by the railway, which passes through them; and branch lines will, no doubt, eventually ramify through all the more favoured parts of the colony. The great plain of Chilcotin, lying further north-west, and watered by a tributary of the Fraser of that name, is another magnificent stretch of agricultural country, which cannot long be left without railway

communication when once the inevitable growth of population demands a greater supply of vegetables, grain, and meat.

The whole length of the Fraser itself is about 700 miles. Its extreme upper portion, careering through rocky gorges, is in strong contrast with the middle portion of its watershed, which is less mountainous, and this again with the plain just described. The Thomson River, referred to in the sketches, joins it at Lytton, at the lower valley, having itself passed through a valley of wonderful fertility, and of even greater beauty than that of the Fraser. The valley of the Thomson, indeed, may claim to be, for richness of scenery, one of the most beautiful in the world.

KICKING HORSE PASS AND THE RAILWAY

KICKING HORSE PASS is the not very euphonious name of the opening of the Rocky Mountains through which the railway is to pass. It is situated in 51 deg. N. latitude, and 117 deg. W. longitude close to the source of the Bow River. All the other alternative routes suggested passed considerably to the north, the points in favour of that finally selected being that it is shorter than the others; that it is further south; that it passes over lower ground; and that it opens up the richest agricultural districts. From Kicking Horse Pass the railway will proceed in a westerly direction twice across the Columbia, which near here takes a "right-about" bend, to Lake Shuswap, at the head of which it will pass the town of Seymour. From here it proceeds along the valley of the South Thomson River to Kamloops, at the junction of that stream with the main River Thomson coming from the north. Hence to Yale, a distance of 127 miles, the line will pass through a splendid agricultural country. This section is already under contract, and twenty-five miles of the distance have already been completed, commencing at Emory Bar, just below Yale. From Yale to Port Moody, the final stage of the westward journey, is another stretch of ninety miles. The sketches of His Excellency the Marquis of Lorne give a good idea of the physical difficulties to be contended with in the construction of the line.

When complete, the railway will furnish uninterrupted communication entirely through British territory, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the total distance from Burrard Inlet to Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion, being 2,710 miles. Thence to Montreal is 112 miles more. Besides being shorter than the American line, it will have the advantage of crossing the Rocky Mountains at a much lower altitude, and of traversing generally for this reason a warmer, although a more northerly, country.

A great project is already on foot, which the completion of this line will probably bring into actual operation, to unite the railway now building in Newfoundland with the Inter-Colonial Railway by means of a great railway ferry running across to Cape Breton Island, and the latter line again in the same way with the Pacific Railway at Montreal, and thus practically afford uninterrupted railway communication from St. John's on the extreme east to New Westminster on the extreme west. The gauge of the railway is 4 ft. 8½ in.

THE CLIMATE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

A WORD as to the climate of this Western Province of the Dominion. Sheltered on the east by the Rocky Mountains, and on the west by the Cascades Range, and lying, notwithstanding its mountainous character generally lower than the country on the other side of the Rockies, the climate of the country is much more temperate than Manitoba or the adjoining States of the American Union, especially in the central and southern portion. Here the lakes are never frozen, and the snow lies but for a short period. On the upper part of the Fraser River the weather is capricious, and the winter cold; but when spring comes, as it does come, sooner or later, it comes for good, and "Winter, lingering, chills not the lap of May" as is so often the case with us. About the headwaters of the Columbia the climate is delightful; extremes are rare, and the snow melts as it falls. Drawing nearer to the coast, but still east of the Cascades Range, the climate becomes hotter and drier in summer and colder in winter. West of the Cascades, and in Vancouver, the thermometer seldom rises over 80 deg. in the hottest summer day, or falls below 20 deg. in winter. The summer is beautiful—delightful: no words can convey to ordinary English ears a sense of the deliciousness of the summer months here. Further north, towards the coast opposite the Queen Charlotte Islands, the humidity is greater and rain more frequent. A warm current of water flows down the coast, conveying heat and moisture, just as the Gulf Stream keeps the western shores of England, Scotland, and Norway so much warmer than their latitude would otherwise enable them to be. The vapours are carried by the winds to the mountain side, where they are condensed and fall in rain or fog, fertilising the valleys and supporting the magnificent verdure and vegetation of the country.

THE FUTURE OF THE COLONY

WE have not space to refer in detail to the fauna of the country—the deer, the elk and cariboo, the buffalo and bear, the marten, mink, beaver, and other fur-bearing animals, the geese and ducks, grouse, snipe, and ptarmigan—which make the country a trapper's and a sportsman's paradise. But these should not be entirely omitted from a sketch of the capabilities of this distant province of the British Empire, long neglected and little appreciated. Nine years hence British Columbia will be able to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of its formal annexation by Captain Vancouver in the name of George III. If it cares to celebrate the event at all, it will be able to do so, with its railway, as we trust, complete, in a manner which shall afford a striking contrast of its future hopes with its past oblivion.

It is only a quarter of a century since the sudden increase of population caused by the "gold fever" induced the English Government formally to erect the country, until then a monopoly—a sealed book—in the hands of the Hudson's Bay Company, into a colony. Even now the population, including 30,000 Indians, does not exceed 50,000, but the exports last year amounted to a value of over a million sterling. What may we not expect of the country when the railway has opened its gates to immigration, and brought the markets of the world within reach of its produce? With the great future which the country has before it, no British official is likely to repeat the opinion of it expressed by the brother of a past Premier, who, forty years ago, declared that "the country was not worth a —, for the salmon wouldn't take a fly!" Rather will

the representatives of the Government be encouraged to follow the example set by Lord Dufferin, and acted upon by his distinguished successor in the Governor-Generalship, and not only to make themselves personally acquainted with all parts of the Dominion, but also to popularise a knowledge of its capabilities.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS

THE series of illustrations which we publish this week, from sketches by the Marquis of Lorne, K.T., G.C.M.G., represent the salient features of the country traversed by His Excellency and H.R.H. the Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, on their recent visit to British Columbia. We may observe here that His Excellency's original sketches are admirable—quite equal to those executed by professional artists. The importance of the Canadian Pacific Railway now being constructed across the Dominion could hardly be illustrated more forcibly than by the fact that the Governor-General and party were obliged to make a *détour* through the United States, and to reach the capital of British Columbia by way of San Francisco.

San Francisco is a city of handsome streets and shops, but confined by high sand hills rising above it, and the country around, except where verdure is produced by irrigation, looks very dry and hot. A cold wind blows there all the summer in the afternoon, however. San Francisco lies at the north-eastern extremity of the southernmost of two tongues of land which, separated only by the narrow strait known as the "Golden Gate," form the western boundary of the Bay of San Francisco—the grand estuary into which fall the Rivers Sacramento, San Joaquin, and other streams rising in the Sierra Nevada, among the wondrous beauties of the Yosemite Valley and the Tuelumne Cañon, and beneath the shade of those giants of the forest known as the Calaveras "Big Trees" and the Mariposa Grove. Across this estuary a magnificent view is obtained from the City of San Francisco, with Monte Diablo, rising some 4,000 feet above sea level, and towering over the wooded slopes of the favourite suburban residence of Oakland, on the opposite side of the Bay. The city is regularly laid out, the streets being broad, and crossing each other at right angles. The site was originally exceedingly rugged, but most of the ridges have been levelled. Telegraph Hill, however, at the north-eastern end of the town, 300 feet high, overlooking the Golden Gate, Russia Hill, 360 feet high, on the west, and Union Hill, 120 feet high, in the south-west, remain as points of vantage from which to view the neighbourhood. Five-and-thirty years ago, before the discovery of gold, 'Frisco did not contain 1,000 souls. Two years of the gold fever increased its population thirty-fold, and then it was a hotbed of profligacy, and the resort of the most desperate characters in the world. Now it is a well-ordered city of close on 200,000 inhabitants, doing an enormous trade with the West—or rather should we say with "the East," as we know it—by sea, and with the Atlantic seaboard and the interior by rail. The city boasts several fine buildings. Perhaps the most ambitious of all is St. Patrick's Cathedral, with a spire 240 feet high, near the southern end of the city, in Mission Street. A mile and a-half to the south, on the outskirts of the city, is Mission Hall, the most ancient building in the place, built of adobe brick, and founded in 1776. Near the centre of the town, bordering on Market Street, is Yerba Buena Park, with the new City Hall; close by is the new Mint, a fine building. Further up Market Street are the Merchants' Exchange and Custom House, the Mechanics' Institute, with a library of 30,000 volumes, and the Mercantile Library, St. Mary's Roman Catholic Cathedral, with a spire 200 feet high, two or three more chapels and churches, and the Shereth Israel, or Jewish Synagogue, the interior of which is worth seeing, are near by. The Chinese quarter of the city, with its temples, Chinese theatres, opium cellars, and gambling halls, is worth visiting. Near here are the Plaza—at one corner of which stands the Hall of Records, formerly the Eldorado Gambling Halls—and Washington Square. The environs of the city afford many fine views. An immense seawall, 8,340 feet long, has recently been built, while a drive to Point Lobos, on the open Pacific, overlooking Seal Rock, upon which hundreds of seals may be seen disporting themselves, opens up many points of interest. The lighthouse on the Farallones Islands, thirty miles distant in the ocean, can be seen from here.

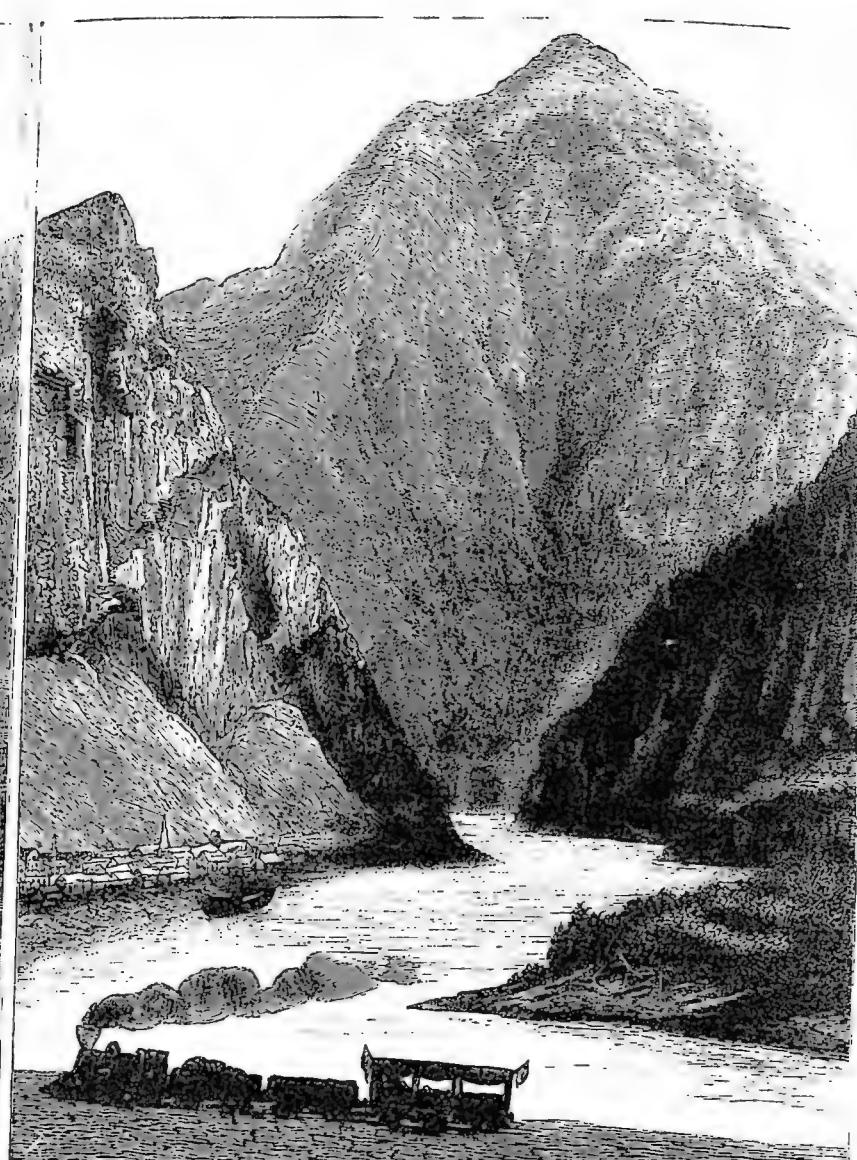
With the natural advantage of an almost unrivalled marine position, and with immense resources, mineral and vegetable, in the neighbourhood, and with the further advantage of direct communication by rail with the surrounding country, and with the Atlantic seaboard, San Francisco offers a picture of what Victoria or New Westminster may not unreasonably expect to become, when the great work of constructing the Canadian Pacific Railway shall have been completed.

In the second sketch H.M.S. *Comus* is seen leaving the harbour, accompanied by the courteous General McDowell, who commanded in September the Military District in which the city lies, and by whose orders the great new fort on Yerba Buena, or Goat Island, at the mouth of the harbour, fired a salute from her heavy guns as the *Comus* steamed by.

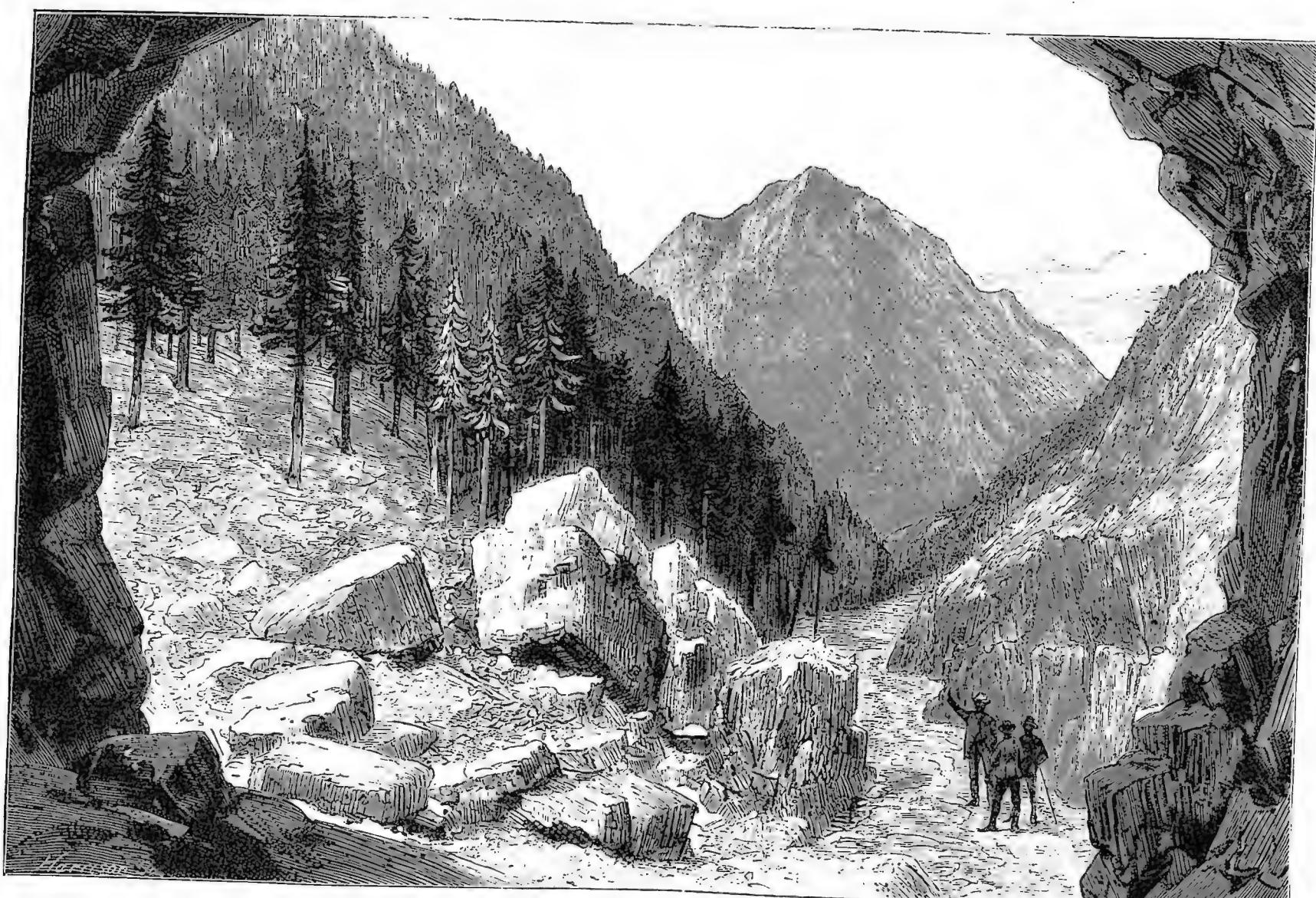
Nearly twelve degrees, or 750 miles, to the north of San Francisco, is the Strait of San Juan de Fuca, the entrance to a second great natural harbour, which must eventually be to British Columbia and the rest of the Dominion of Canada what the Bay of San Francisco is to California and the United States. Separated from the mainland on the south by these Straits, and on the east and north-east by the Strait of Georgia and Queen Charlotte Sound, lies Vancouver Island, at the south-eastern extremity of which is the City of Victoria, the political and ecclesiastical capital of the Province of British Columbia. At present it is the most important town in the Province, with a population of 7,000, but it is likely to be closely run in the race for pre-eminence on the western seaboard of British North America by its opposite neighbour, New Westminster, situated about seventy miles distant, on the mainland—of which more anon. The city is delightfully situated, with the small inner harbour immediately below it, while above is an extensive lake, formed by a broadening of the river, on which the town is built. The foliage of the beautiful evergreens and the lawn-like stretches of emerald green banks afford a striking combination of the scenery peculiar to both tropical and temperate climates, while the rocky promontories and the snow-clad range in the background,



BRIDGE ON THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY, WITH A BLUFF ON THE OLD WAGGON ROAD

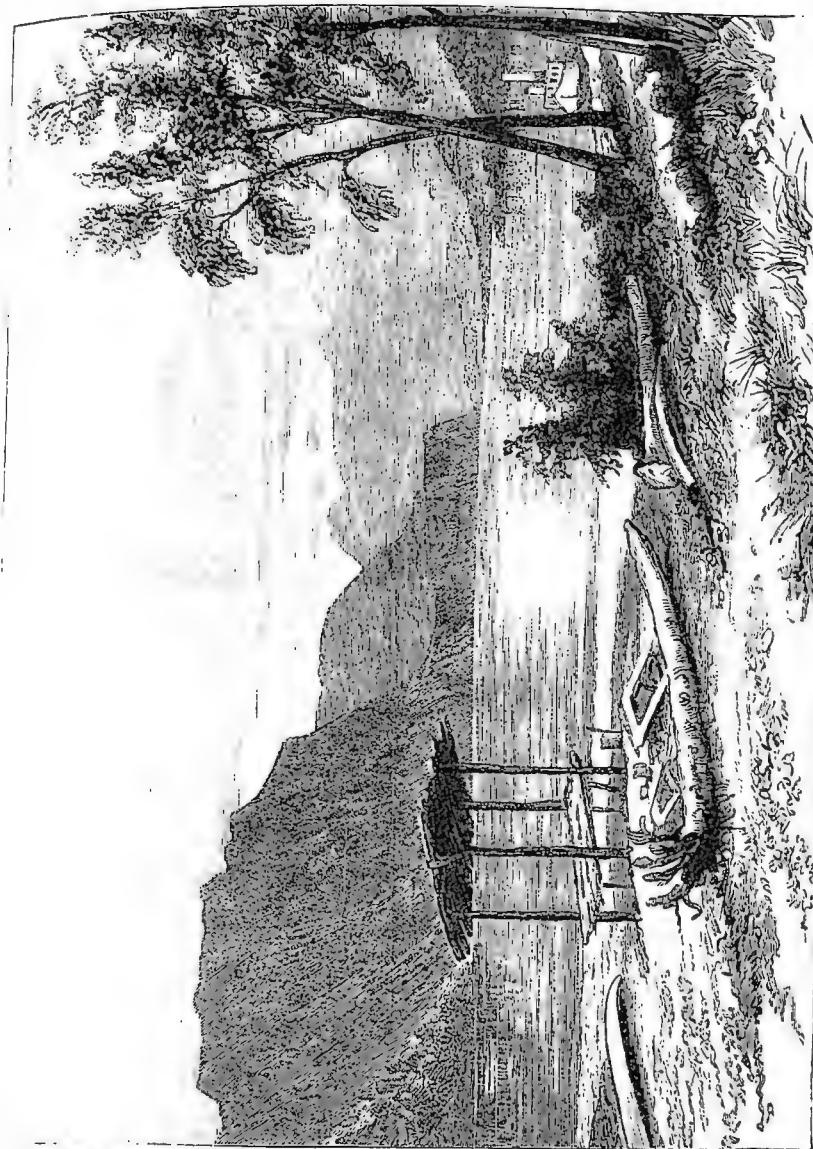


YALE, AT THE HEAD OF THE LOWEST NAVIGABLE STRETCH OF THE FRASER RIVER



THE GORGES OF THE FRASER RIVER—A TUNNEL ON THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

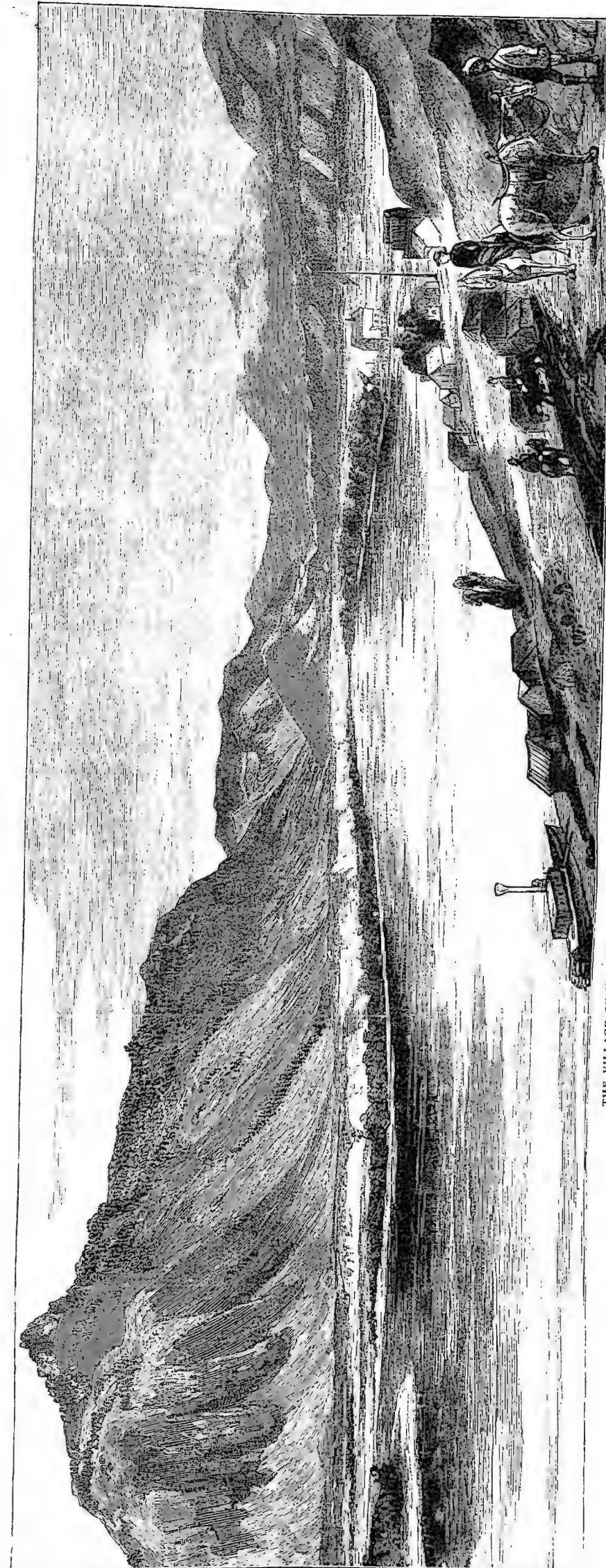
THE TOUR OF THE PRINCESS LOUISE AND THE MARQUIS OF LORNE
FROM SKETCHES BY HIS EXCELLENCY THE MARQUIS OF LORNE, K.T., GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA



THE NARROWS, ON AN ARM OF THE SCHUSWAPPÉ LAKE, OR LAKE OF THE FOUR WATERS



RIVER TERRACES ON THE THOMSON RIVER



THE VILLAGE OF RAMLOOPS AT THE CONFLUENCE OF THE NORTH AND SOUTH THOMSON RIVERS

THE TOUR OF THE PRINCESS LOUISE AND THE MARQUIS OF LORNE
FROM SKETCHES BY HIS EXCELLENCY THE MARQUIS OF LORNE, K.T., GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA

lend to the scene the additional attraction of the grandeur of a mountain landscape.

Sketch No. 3 shows Government House, Victoria—a beautiful spot—looking away from Vancouver Island towards the mainland. The Lieutenant-Governor's terraces and gardens surround a comfortable abode, and beyond the fern and oak-covered levels of the island are seen the island-studded straits of San Juan de Fuca, the island of San Juan recently given by the award of the Emperor of Germany to the United States, and the great sierras of Washington territory, with Mount Baker soaring above them.

In the next sketch an attempt is made to make a closer acquaintance with Mount Baker through the aid of a field glass. This mountain is the most northerly peak of the Olympian range of mountains in United States territory, and stands 10,100 feet above sea level.

Leaving Victoria, with her hospitable inhabitants and loyally decorated streets, the *Comus* after a few days' stay in the island of Vancouver brought the Governor-General's party to the town of New Westminster on the Fraser River, where a torchlight boat pageant was organised for the Princess. In this Indians and whites alike took part. Along the shores of the river are immense canneries, where the numberless salmon which throng the Fraser River are potted and sent to England and the States. There seems no limit to the number of fish which arrive in different varieties at different times of the year. The first, or spring comers, are considered the best, but none are to be despised with the exception of the hump-backed salmon, which arrives latest and comes only every alternate year.

From New Westminster the *Comus* visited the forest-covered and deep fjord called Burrard Inlet, of which two sketches are given, with H.M.S. *Comus* at anchor. Burrard Inlet is the present projected terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, and this winter some thousands of workmen are constructing the line along the section which will lead it from this point to the Fraser River, whose progress we will pursue to the junction of the Thomson River.

Returning to New Westminster, and proceeding up the Fraser River, we have several sketches of that fine stream near its mouth, with the snow-clad peaks of the Cascade Range in the background. One of them shows the fine outline of the Four Sisters, and a reach of the River, much impeded by snags, or water-logged trunks of pine. These have to be removed from the steamers' channel every year. Another represents Alpine forms as fine as any of those found in the Swiss Mountains. These will also be visible from the railway carriage windows. The largest sketch represents a view which will meet the eyes of the traveller in the train about forty-five miles above New Westminster. Mount Hope is a mountain of magnificent form, and others of the locality contrast finely with its square and massive walls. On its summit the snow lies all summer. A very rapid portion of the river has here to be travelled by the steamer, which laboriously paddles, or is hauled up the rapids along the shingle banks of what is known as Union Bar.

At Yale we reach the head of the highest stretch of navigation on the Fraser River. From this upwards the river rushes through gorges, and is hardly navigable, although steamers ply upon waters higher up. Yale was famous for its gold, and a good deal is still taken out on the bank shown on the opposite side of the river in the foreground of the sketch. The rock in mid-channel in the centre of the gorge is called Lady Franklin's Rock, because that remarkable lady rested here one day when prosecuting one of those journeys in which she hoped to obtain some tidings of her husband. One of the numerous tunnels of the Canadian Pacific Railroad is seen in the bluff beyond the town. Already from this town over twenty-five miles of the track are completed, and some of the most difficult work to be undertaken along the route of the biggest railway in the world has been accomplished. Nothing can exceed the grandeur of the forest-covered mountain walls at this point. On the same page we have a view of one of the Railway Bridges spanning a difficult place in the distance, while in the foreground a wagon road constructed along the face of the rock seems safe to no one but a British Columbian, excellently engineered as it is.

In our next view we look through a completed tunnel at the uncompleted work to be undertaken on the line before us. In two-and-a-half years the Canadian Government will have finished the line up to Kamloops, where it will meet that undertaken by the Company, and it is estimated that the whole line from Montreal to the Pacific will be open in 1887.

After passing Mount Hope we emerge into more open country, at a place called after the late Lord Lytton, where the Thomson River meets the Fraser. Pursuing the Thomson River up its swift current for ninety miles we come to Kamloops Lake, and a steamer takes us thence to the junction of the North and South Thomson Rivers, where Kamloops village stands. This place will probably be an important central town for the valleys of the interior of British Columbia. There is good land about it, and the forests that have hitherto covered the mountains now retire to the summits, sending down their skirmishers only into the valleys. The remarkable river terraces which are to be met with everywhere along the Columbian rivers are here seen, and are shown in a separate sketch, where a bluff as formidable as those in the Fraser has to be negotiated by the road. The railway will probably pass on to the other side, and this section will be undertaken next year. The whole of these terraces and bluffs and hill sides are covered with good so-called bunch grass. This is a grass on which cattle thrive amazingly, and which makes their flesh particularly well-flavoured. Pursuing the South Thomson River, admirable boats, adapted for the navigation of shallow rivers, take the traveller up the Shuswap or Schuswap Lake. The railway will cross at the narrows shown at the end of this arm of the lake. There are three other arms of this remarkable and beautiful sheet of water, which may be called the Lake of Four Waters. It should become a favourite place for a halt when on a trans-Continental journey. Its forest-covered hills are more like those of Norway than of Switzerland. The central hills in British Columbia are not so formidable in height or grandeur as are the ranges bordering the sea on the one side, and the plains on the other. Excellent fishing can be had in every river and lake. The salmon so crowd the Thomson and adjoining rivers that the Indians scoop them out of the eddies with landing-nets.

They press against each other in their annual ascent in such numbers that myriads die, and even the strongest seem exhausted, and have their tails and fins worn bare and white.

The Governor-General's party reached a beautiful and characteristic valley, called the Spillamacheen, by ascending in a steamer another long river. Very shallow it was, and much skill had to be used by the captain in getting over some of the sand bars. Numerous white-headed eagles were perched on the pines, and wild swans, Canada geese, and ducks made the members of the party suddenly seize their rifles and guns, and rush from the cabins to get a shot. Here, as further down, the poplar's golden blaze contrasted finely with the dark green of the firs.

When Spillamacheen Valley was reached, navigation ceased. Like many another spot hidden away behind the wooded hills, this one seems to have been an ancient lake; level as a billiard table the prairie winds along under the forest mountain slopes. Although the first settler only appeared in this region a few years ago, there are already seven or eight farms of three hundred acres each in line along this strath. The fine long-necked *Pinus ponderosa* contends with the Douglas Fir for the occupation of the lower slopes. Together with the white man, the Indian farmer is seen, for the Spillamacheen and Okanagan Indians are as keen farmers and good citizens as any. Independent men, they will accept no aid from the Government, lest they should be asked to give something in return. They have their lands—they have been taught farming by the whites—they have as much game, or more than ever, for they have rather given up hunting to take to agricultural pursuits—they have as many or more fish in the river than ever, and need nothing except, as they themselves say, schools and schoolmasters, for which they are perfectly ready to pay.

In the last sketch we see that one of the customs of civilisation which they have not yet adopted is a European lady's seat on horseback, for the mother takes her children on crupper and pommel, and rides man fashion on her *kumse*, or Indian pony, accompanied by her household; such a cavalcade we see in the sketch riding along the sage-covered pastures in the neighbourhood of Lake Okanagan. This lake is eighty or ninety miles in length, and is in the very centre of the province. A flourishing French mission is established on its borders, but as yet no steamer tempts the traveller to survey its beauties from a state cabin. There is much good pastoral land along it, and the crops raised, especially where irrigation has been employed, are very fine. Tomatoes and kitchen-garden produce, as well as all small fruits, flourish exuberantly, and there is no doubt that the Canadian will in future get his fruit stores mainly from British Columbia as the American procures his from California.

Like Ships upon the Sea

(Continued from page 89)

never contemplated her having recourse to the revolver. It would be a dreary, dull life for her, no doubt. But his imagination was far more lively in picturing what the life would be for himself. It would never do. "I'll give up the whole thing, and go away," declared Masi. "I'll ask to-morrow for a long leave to go down to Bioscombroso for family affairs." And then, having made that Spartan resolution for the fifth or sixth time, with particular energy on one particular day, he thought he might reward himself for his self-control by spending the evening with Violet. It would be the last! He should, probably, never see her again! But that thought was so painful that he instantly put it aside. Why think of painful things? Mario Masi never did. It was his creed not to do so; and it would have been an excellent rule of conduct if troubles could be abolished by not thinking about them, or if life were a story-book, whose pages we could turn at our pleasure, and skip the ugly chapters.

He went up to the third story, where Miss Baines lodged, and was admitted by the broad-backed Mariuccia, who grinned upon him as a familiar acquaintance. *La vecchia* (the old woman), as Mariuccia always designated Miss Baines, with Homeric simplicity and constancy of epithet, was at home, but the Signorina Violetta was out. Masi, when he heard this, hesitated for an instant on the threshold. Violet was probably at some house which he also frequented, and where he might find her. Her aunt could tell him. Should he enter? Or would it not be better to go away, and leave the unfinished chapter of his love romance, then and there, for ever? It was as if Fate held two folded lots in her hand, and bade him choose.

As he stood uncertain, Mariuccia flung open the door of the sitting-room, and announced, in her rough, hoarse voice: "C'è il Capitano!"

Fate works out her dramas with sovereign indifference to the scenic proprieties or the precedence of the actors, and puts messages of great moment into the mouths of clowns and waiting-maids. Mariuccia decided Masi's choice, and he went in.

Miss Baines was alone in the shabby sitting-room, seated close to the fire, with a shawl round her shoulders and the inevitable tea-tray on a table by her side. She received Masi with her usual timid kindness of manner. Would he not sit down? She was so sorry that Violet was out. She had gone with a party of friends to see the Coliseum by moonlight. Miss Baines herself had a little cold, and had been afraid to venture, but she had persuaded Violet to go because she thought a little society would cheer her. She had been out of spirits and very low all day, and, therefore—

Masi here interrupted her to express a hope that no trouble or misfortune had befallen Miss Violet.

"Oh! no. Well, I hardly know. No; really one can't call it exactly a misfortune. But she is so attached to Rome—far more than I am, to say the truth. You won't mind my saying that I do like my own country best? I have been used to it so long, you see. Violet, of course, is younger, and the idea of going away quite upsets her."

"Going away! You are not going away?"

"Yes, we are. I had a letter from my uncle to-day, who is an old man, and the head of our family, and he wishes us to return to England. I think we shall be off within a fortnight—in fact, as soon as we can get things settled about the lodgings, and all that. Signor Giorgi thinks we might underlet them for the remainder of our lease. Do you think we might, Captain Masi?"

Masi stood looking at her fixedly, and hearing no word she said. When she paused, he repeated: "Going away! But why must you mind this uncle? Why go if she likes to stay?"

"People cannot do as they like always, you know. One has duties. And Violet ought not to displease her grand-uncle. He has strict principles, and is greatly respected where he lives, at Dozbury, and he can leave his property how he pleases. Young persons do not think of these things. Perhaps one likes them all the better for not thinking of them. But it is my duty not to let Violet act contrary to her grand-uncle. You are not going, Captain Masi? Won't you have a cup of tea?"

But Masi declared that he would not intrude on her another instant. She was ill, and needed quiet. Besides, he had an engagement. He had only just called in to see—How long might it be since the party started for the Coliseum? Being told that Violet had not left the house a quarter of an hour when he came in, he stammered a word of farewell, wrung Miss Baines's hand, and was half-way down the stairs before Mariuccia's bovine paces had brought her to the door to let him out.

It was a brilliant winter night. The deep transparent sky was sprinkled with a diamond dust of stars. Along the Corso the shops were shut, but here and there the cafés made bright patches on the pavement, and the rows of street-lamps blinked orange-coloured under the moonlight. The irregular house fronts were arabesqued with shadows thrown by their endless variety of balconies. Where the moonlight fell it blanched the grey stone and tinted stucco of palaces and dwellings, and glittered on the gilded letters of a sign-board, and showed the brown or green lattice blinds in the ghosts of their daylight colours. After sunset a little keen wind, which had been blowing the sharp white dust about all day, had entirely dropped, and the air was full of a still sweetness that caressed your cheek like the touch of a soft cold hand. Near the centre of the great Roman artery, the Corso, close to the Piazza Colonna, there was still plenty of stir and movement. Behind the great plate-glass windows of the restaurants, where the gas flared coarsely in an atmosphere heavy with the smell of food; in the crimson velvet cushioned cafés, and even on the bleached pavement outside them there were scores of loungers, standing or strolling as if it had been May rather than December. Carriages passed and crossed and disappeared into the labyrinth of side streets, their lamps gleaming like gigantic topazes from Aladdin's garden, and the horses' hoofs beating out a sharp rhythmic tattoo above the low drone of the rolling wheels. Suddenly from a side alley a crowd of shabby men and boys swooped out with a rush into the Corso, and scattered themselves to all points of the compass; shouting at the pitch of their lungs the evening newspapers just published, and making the air quiver with their hoarse, shrill, or bawling cries. As these died away by degrees in the distance, the ear took up again the previous sounds, as it takes up an interrupted tune—the rumbling wheels, the trotting hoofs, the shuffle of feet on the pavement, and the talk and laughter of passers-by, heard through the clear night, distinct, yet softened, like voices on the water.

Mario Masi marched on through it all with his regular soldier's step, looking neither to the right nor the left. His mind and heart were full of one thought: Violet Moore was going away!—one feeling: how hard it would be for him to lose her! He passed along the length of the Corso to the Piazza di Venezia, where the huge walls of Paul the Second's mediceval palace made an inky lake of shadow on the ground, and reared their square battlements sharply against the pell-mell tenderness of the sky. Thence turning into a maze of dark streets, he emerged at length behind the Forum, and the Coliseum was before him.

All the space around it was flooded by the light of a moon nearly at the full, which now floated high in the heavens, distinct and clearly rounded like a globe of pure pale gold amidst the intense blue. The vast oval of the Coliseum showed its majestic curves beneath this radiance with unspeakable harmonies of light and shade. A few carriages were waiting at the archway by which the great Amphitheatre is now entered. Inside it several groups of strangers were wandering among the shadowy corridors, climbing, sitting, talking, laughing, gazing, or meditating. But the huge ruin absorbed them. They could not subdue, they could scarcely disturb, the silent Spirit of the Moonlight. Mario stood still for a moment when he found himself within the portal of the Coliseum, and looked from its cavernous shadow on to the expanse of the interior intersected by deep fosses—a silver flooring barred with ebony. Under the moon's effulgence the bare walls had an arid golden tint like the arid golden desert sands. No twig, no leaf, no blade of grass was there to suggest growth and change. The gigantic fabric, with its rows of open arches framing curved spaces of blue-black sky, stood utterly desolate as if stricken with eternal barrenness, but sublime in the dignity of its stern despair—an ugly stoic Roman, defying Time and Fate.

A voice came down spirit-like from the mountainous height of the topmost gallery. It was one of those sweet, flute-toned voices of the North, which seem to have something passionately angelic; so different from Italian voices, which are often like their vines,—full of sunshine, but with a rough taste of the grape skin to remind us of mother earth. The voice called down in clear tones, cleaving the silence like a silver arrow, "Violet, Violet! Come up here to us. It is so lovely!" Then Violet's voice answered from below, fainter and more veiled, "No; I am tired. I will stay here. I will wait."

Guided by the sound, Mario strained his eyes in the direction from whence she had spoken, and saw her sitting alone—a shadow within a shadow—on a fallen block of marble. As he passed from beneath the archway to where she sat, he crossed a moonlit space, and the rays of light sparkled for an instant on his sword and the silver star on his uniform, and attracted her eye. In a moment he was beside her. But that moment had sufficed for her to recognise him in the moonlight, and she neither started nor exclaimed. Neither did she start when he said, "Violet, is it you? What a happy chance!" It seemed quite natural that he should be there, and that he should call her by her name in that passionate, low voice. She felt no wonder then. It was only afterwards that she began to wonder why she had not wondered.

He sat down on the great ruined block of marble close beside her, and for a second or two neither of them spoke. "You did not expect to see me," he said at length.

"Oh no. What brought you here?"

"It must have been my good angel. Until I found myself here I did not know that I was coming. I had no plan in my mind."

"Is it not lovely?" said Violet. "I did not much want to come. But the Sweetmans urged me, and my aunt urged me. And then I thought that perhaps it would be my last look at the Coliseum, and I would bid it 'good-bye' by the moonlight. I would not climb up there with the others. I liked better to sit here all by myself, not saying 'good-bye,' but feeling it. But I forgot. You don't know—"

"Yes, I know," interrupted Masi. "Are you sorry to go?"

There was no answer. The climbing moon began to illuminate the shadowy corner where they sat. Its rays fell on Violet's head, and she turned away her face.

"Violet, answer me. Are you sorry to go away?"

She made a supreme effort, and answered in a strained voice, utterly unlike her own, "Of course. Every one is sorry to leave Rome."

"But you don't look at me. Won't you look at me? Violet! When I pray you—"

He took her hand in his right hand, and put his left gently and lightly round her shoulders and turned her towards him. The moonlight fell on a sweet face white as a white rose. Her broad-leaved hat had fallen back, revealing a space of rippling hair, and the candid brow creased like the forehead of a sobbing child. She had cried hours ago, and her eyes were still heavy and swollen. As Mario looked at her, some big tears gathered and rolled glittering down her cheeks, and her lips quivered pitifully as she tried in vain to steady them. The cloak she wore had a dark fur collar, which admirably framed the firm white contour of her throat; and one or two bright tears fell on to the soft fur and shone there, gleaming like diamonds on the sable. The arm which lightly

circled her shoulder suddenly tightened its hold, and Mario drew her to him.

"Stay with me, Violet," he whispered. "I love you. Stay with me, and be my wife!"

For an instant she yielded to his embrace. Then, gently withdrawing herself from his arms, she hid her face in both hands with a burst of tears.

"Violet—*Poveretta mia!* You are not angry? You are not sorry?"

"No; only happy,—too happy. Let me cry. How foolish to cry because I am happy!"

"You know I love you? You have known it long?"

"I thought a little while ago I did not know it. But now I know that I knew it. Only I was so afraid to believe! I dared not believe."

"Why?"

She lifted her face, blurred and swollen with tears, but strangely sweet in its wistful innocence. "Because I loved you," she answered simply.

With a sudden impulse of his Southern blood he flung himself on his knees before her, seized her ungloved hand, soft and warm from the shelter of the fur cloak, and covered it with passionate kisses. "Amor mio, amor mio," he murmured, "I am not worthy of you."

Violet hushed him as though he had uttered a blasphemy. Not worthy of her! "Pray, pray don't speak so!" she cried. "It frightens me. It makes me see how different you think me from what I really am." Then she made him rise from his worshipping posture at her feet. "Some one may come upon us at any moment, you know. My friends will be here again directly."

He stood up, and drew her arm within his. "Let us walk about, then," he said. "They will find us soon enough; too soon, *Poveretta mia!* Say it once more, 'I love you.'" She obeyed.

"Now say it in my language. It must be your language, too, now. You must be an Italian. Say '*Mario mio, ti voglio bene!*'"

"*Ti voglio bene,*" echoed Violet, with her stiff measured foreign accent. Then, nestling closer to his side, she whispered, "No; I spoil it. It is music when you say it. But if I could make it sound as sweetly in your ears as it sounds in my heart, you would not be discontented."

They paced up and down in the deep shadow, scarcely speaking. Masi was intoxicated with a feeling of passionate tenderness, in which a strange sense of pathos lurked, like a minor interval recurring in a joyous tune. At moments this innocent creature who had given him her heart moved in him an impulse of yearning pity, such as we who are world-worn often feel for a little happy child. "*Poveretta!*" he said, softly.

"*Poveretta!*" she repeated. "That means poor little thing! But I am not poor now. I am rich—the richest girl in Rome."

The word "rich" smote him with something like self-reproach. He paused at a place where the moonlight fell through an archway, and looked at her smiling, tearful face. "*Poveretta!*" he repeated; and drew her with a protecting gesture closer to his side. But he was not going to mingle any bitter reflections with the sweet draught at his lips. There was always time enough to think troublesome thoughts. As for Violet, her trust in him was absolute. She did not question the future. Mario loved her. That was a fact which must of itself make life happy, as sunrise makes the day.

Violet's friends began to descend, and called to her to join them. "Violet!" cried the sweet, flutey voice. "Where are you? Are you cold?" The voice belonged to Miss Sweetman, a bony, girlish person of five-and-thirty, with clumsy boots and a huge fashionable poke bonnet, casting a grotesque shadow on the silver-grey ground. Her mother, Mrs. Sweetman, was with her, and a couple of travelling Englishmen caught on the wing. Every one expressed regret that Miss Moore had not climbed up with them. It had been so splendid! The effect of the building seen by moonlight from above was absolutely indescribable! And then they all began to describe it.

They found Violet sitting alone on the block of marble where they had left her. But when they went outside whom should they find near the entrance but Captain Masi! There was a general exclamation and handshaking on the part of the Sweetmans. "Why, how did you chance to be here at this hour?" asked Mrs. Sweetman.

"I have been on duty," answered Masi, with perfect coolness and aplomb.

"On duty! Where?"

"At my barracks. Don't you know that there are barracks not far off, near the Bocca della Verità?"

"Fancy being kept there till this hour! What a shame!" exclaimed Miss Sweetman, who was rather too importunately juvenile in her demeanour towards the male sex. "Weren't you awfully bored?"

"Of course. So I thought I would amuse myself by a look at the Coliseum."

"Well! Whatever we may think of the Coliseum by moonlight, I should never have called it amusing! What an expression to use! But you haven't a bit of sentiment, you Italians; you are horribly practical and prosaic. I assure you they are, Mr. Jones, though English people will never believe it till they have lived in Italy."

Mr. Jones, an undergraduate, said, "Oh, really! Ha, ha!" and contemplated Captain Masi with that politely mistrustful demeanour not uncommon amongst the young men of our country towards a stranger;—a demeanour the like of which may be sometimes observed in a dog, who greets new four-footed acquaintances with a condescending wag, tempered by a warning growl.

"Come, come," cried Mrs. Sweetman, "I am prosaic and practical enough to object to loitering about here in the cold. Get into the carriage, girls. Mr. Jones and Mr. Billing, we will give you a lift home if you like. One of you can sit on the box."

Masi, who had been speaking in a low voice to Violet, now declared boldly that Miss Moore wished to walk home. "Walk home!" exclaimed Mrs. Sweetman. "Oh, it's absurd at this hour."

"I should like to walk, too, mamma! I should love it of all things," said Miss Sweetman, who perceived that if they drove, Jones, as the younger man, would be consigned to the box seat out of reach. Mrs. Sweetman hesitated. She seldom opposed her daughter's will, and never opposed it successfully. "I promised Miss Baines to see Violet safe home," she said.

"Oh, I'll chaperon—we'll chaperon each other," declared Miss Sweetman, playfully. "Silly children!" returned Mrs. Sweetman, shaking her finger at Violet, who stood very silent in the shadow of the poke bonnet. "Well,—if these gentlemen will undertake to escort you—!"

Captain Masi gallantly volunteered for the duty. And Mr. Jones was obliging enough to say that he didn't mind having a look at the Roman streets by moonlight, being of opinion that it would be "rather fun"—which phrase he uttered with a weighty gravity beyond his years. "Oh! it will be exquisite!" cried Miss Sweetman, clapping her hands. "We'll go through the Forum, and over the Capitol Hill. It will be too lovely!" Mr. Billing, an elderly clergyman, declined to join the walking party, and ensconced himself beneath the carriage rug beside Mrs. Sweetman.

The four pedestrians stood for a moment looking after the carriage as it rolled away, and then Masi unceremoniously placed Violet's arm beneath his own. Miss Sweetman might not have approved this arrangement under other circumstances, but on this occasion it suited her, and she was in high good humour. She took Mr. Jones in tow with decision, and led the way.

"How could you tell such a story?" whispered Violet, as she and Mario stood arm and arm before moving off in Miss Sweetman's wake.

"What story? Oh! about being on duty at the barracks? Well, of course. I was not going to tell that inquisitive old lady the truth!"

"But you need not have made up such a story! I was astonished to hear you so coolly invent—"

Mario laughed. "Andiamo!" said he. "Don't be a little Puritan. If it had not been for me you would have been at this moment in the carriage with Mrs. Sweetman and the Reverend Billing. Perhaps I did wrong to say you wished to walk home?"

"No. At least it was quite true, though I had not said it. Do stay one second! Let me look once more! Let me get the image of it all into my mind, so that I may never forget it. Do you know I used to have a strange feeling about the Coliseum? I always felt depressed when I went to see it. It looked so desolate and stern. And I thought of all the horrible things that have been done there, and the thousands of human beings who used to crowd it, so full of life and strength!—all dead and passed away! And I had a feeling as if it were a fatal place, with a chilly atmosphere of misfortune about it. But now that is all changed. From to-night I shall love every stone of it. The one great good thing of my life has come to me there."

As she stood looking back at the gigantic Amphitheatre, Mario looked at her with an indefinable expression. Then he softly patted the hand which clung to his arm, and murmured, pityingly, "*Poveretta!*"

CHAPTER VIII.

BEFORE parting that night Mario had said a word to Violet about keeping their engagement secret. Violet had declared that she must tell her aunt, but would tell no one else; and to this Mario had assented. He would have preferred to keep even Miss Baines out of their confidence for the present, but he yielded to Violet's pleading.

"I am a poor man, *tesoro mio*," he said. "Your family will think you have done ill to promise yourself to me."

"I have no family except Aunt Betsy," she answered. "None, at all events, that I need consider. Aunt Betsy has been mother and father and sister and brother to me all my life. And she will love any one whom I love,—and who loves me."

"Some one might love you who had money as well as love."

"But the same one wouldn't be *you*! So what is the use of imagining it?"

So long as he was under the charm of her presence, and her voice, and her touch, Mario was sufficiently in love to be happy and elated. But as he walked home alone, after leaving her at her own door, sundry thoughts of Boscombe and poverty intruded themselves like little chill breezes into his glowing mood. But they did not materially lower its temperature. And he fell asleep thinking of Violet's sweet face in the moonlight, of the trusting, tearful smile with which she had told him that she loved him, and of the soft warm clasp of her hand.

Poor Miss Baines's consternation when she heard Violet's news was unspeakable. What should she do? How should she tell Uncle Joshua? And yet how could she dare to keep it from him? And then in any case it could not be kept secret from him for ever. These considerations presented themselves to Miss Baines's mind over and over again, and she was unable to find a satisfactory answer to them. She was very little more worldly wise than her niece. But she did to some extent recognise the desirability of having an income to live on; and, not being in love with Captain Masi, she was able to conceive that there might be sublunar troubles for the woman who should marry that winning and attractive personage. Violet did not shut her eyes to the prospect of their being poor, and of having possibly to resist opposition from Uncle Joshua and others. But she thought her happiness would be cheaply purchased at the cost of such evils as those. The difference between her point of view and her aunt's was, perhaps, rather in appreciating the value of the object to be attained, than in any self-delusion as to the price to be paid for it. In her heart Miss Baines wished that the summons to return to England had come sooner. Then this love-story would have remained in the nebulous regions of thoughts that might have been.

Uncle Joshua's letter had been very peremptory, and more than usually ill-natured. He had required his niece Elizabeth's immediate return home, since, if she were well enough to be going about in society "*among a parcel of foreigners*" (he had scored this underneath, as if it were a peculiar proof of robust health reprehensibly employed), she must be well enough to come and attend to her natural duties. And he expressed his opinion that Violet had had as much gadding about as was good for her, if not more; and she was bound to think a little "*of them that stand in the place of a parent and guardian to her.*" The letter terminated by a threat very intelligible to Miss Baines: "I have the power, and I have the intentions, to put my grand-niece in a comfortable and respectable position for life. And I might not be going out of bounds to say more than that, if I wanted to boast. But my intentions are guided by the strictest principles; and them that don't behave to please me needn't expect to be pleased by me."

Violet had at first been inclined to rebel against this sudden order to return. Why should they be hurried back thus peremptorily? It might even be dangerous for her aunt's health to take such a journey in the heart of the winter. And in this suggestion she was perfectly sincere. Cruel as it was to herself to leave Rome, her own selfish pain was not her single or supreme consideration. But Aunt Betsy had shown unexpected resolution, and had asserted her intention of obeying Mr. Higgins's behest in a manner which, for her, was absolutely stern. She had the courage to oppose Violet's wish in Violet's own interests. It would never do seriously to offend Uncle Joshua. "When I am dead and gone," said Betsy Baines to herself, "my bit of money goes away to distant relations; and I might die any day. And if Uncle Joshua turned his back on her, I might die any day. And if Uncle Joshua turned his back on her, what would become of my poor lamb?" So Violet had sobbed and submitted, and had made up her mind to go away, and be unhappy in silence. Mario Masi would never know. Perhaps he might even despise her if he knew how weakly she had yielded up her heart before being asked for it.

But now that moonlight night at the Coliseum had changed everything. She was loved! Mario loved her! And so long as he loved her, she had an impervious shield against Fate's arrows. She even forgave Uncle Joshua's imperative summons home.

After she had told her news, Miss Baines dreaded fresh difficulties in the way of their departure. "We shall have to go, all the same, Violet," she had said, looking wistfully at her niece. "We must go."

And Violet answered that "he" would doubtless understand the necessity—that "he" would be the better reconciled to a short separation now that he was sure she was so very fond of him; and that "he" should not be too unhappy appeared to Violet the most essential point in the matter. Miss Baines was naturally less concerned on that score.

When Captain Masi came to see her the day after his declaration to Violet, he was struck by an indefinable change in Miss Baines's to Violet, he was struck by an indefinable change in Miss Baines's demeanour. She was gentle as usual, and not unkind, but there was something watchful and critical in her way of looking at him—a half timid rustling of her plumes, as of a hen alarmed for her chicken—which he had never seen in her before, and which made him say to himself: "*Per Fisco!* If even a possible aunt-in-law can put on this kind of air, I thank my stars that the trial of an actual mother-in-law is to be spared me!" He had an uneasy sense, as if invisible ligatures were being fastened on him—as if he

were being taken possession of. He little guessed how heartily relieved that grim-looking elderly Englishwoman, with the anxious furrow on her forehead, would have been if he had, then and there, taken his leave of her for ever, provided always it could be accomplished without breaking Violet's heart!

Miss Baines's feeling in the whole matter was a little less sympathetic than might have been expected beforehand; considering that she was fond of sentiment in novels and poetry, and cried very easily over a love song. She would even have been ready to shed tears for Captain Masi if he had suffered from a hopeless attachment to Violet. But she had an inarticulate suspicion that Masi was taking it all too lightly; that he accepted at least as much devotion as he gave; and that he did not altogether realise his extraordinary good fortune. Miss Baines had never had any love-romance of her own. But her theory on the subject was that the man might—nay, ought to—fall in love adoringly; but that it was the woman's part rather to let herself be loved with resigned condescension. Now Violet was not at all condescending towards her lover. And the usually gentle, placid Miss Baines felt a jealous irritation at witnessing her humility. Miss Baines had small faith in masculine magnanimity, and she felt serious fears lest Masi might gather an unjustly low estimate of Violet's claims on his devoted admiration, from her frank worship of himself.

This state of mind moved Miss Baines to greater firmness and pugnacity in discussing the engagement with Captain Masi than would have been otherwise possible to her. He and Violet must not consider themselves bound to each other. Their prospects were far too uncertain. And, besides, Uncle Joshua's consent was an indispensable preliminary to a settled engagement. Against this statement Violet softly protested, but Miss Baines held firm. She explained to Captain Masi that Mr. Higgins had it in his power to make Violet comparatively rich, or to leave her without a penny; and that it was clearly necessary to conciliate him. "Besides which, I hope you don't deny that a young girl owes some duty to her elders, and those who stand in the position of parents to her," said Miss Baines. "And I think it right you should know just how Violet's circumstances stand. Whilst I live she is to me as my own child. But after my death she will have just thirty pounds a year in all the world, unless her grand-uncle provides for her."

Masi somewhat raised himself in Miss Baines's estimation by the indifference with which he took the assurance of Violet's poverty. He had guessed that she was poor. And however much he might be blamed for rashly yielding to a selfish impulse in telling Violet that he loved her, he had certainly not been prompted by calculations of interest. "I am glad your niece has no fortune," he said. "I am a poor man. But other men find the means of making money, and I may find them. I will try. I will work."

"But have you nothing at all of your own?" asked Miss Baines, nervously blurring out the question.

"I have a little estate that was my father's, and a house on it. They are worth very little."

"Then I am sure you will all the more agree with me that Violet ought not to be held bound; at all events until you have some plain prospect of being able to marry."

"I would hold no woman bound except by her own will. How can I hold her bound?"

"I mean I think the engagement ought not to be talked about. We ought to keep the secret among ourselves."

To this Masi earnestly assented, and told her that he had already impressed the same thing on Violet last night.

Miss Baines was not without a secret hope that absence would first diminish and then extinguish Masi's passion. As to Violet, Miss Baines saw very clearly that it was foolish in her to love Masi with such humility and devotion, that it was impossible to believe she would not see it herself sooner or later. Meanwhile the preparations for their departure gave her much to do. She set about endeavouring to find some one who would take the lodgings off her hands for the remainder of the term not yet expired. Her friend Giorgi made himself busy in this service, and assumed, by a tacit understanding between him and Miss Baines, the post of first aide-de-camp and right-hand-man in general.

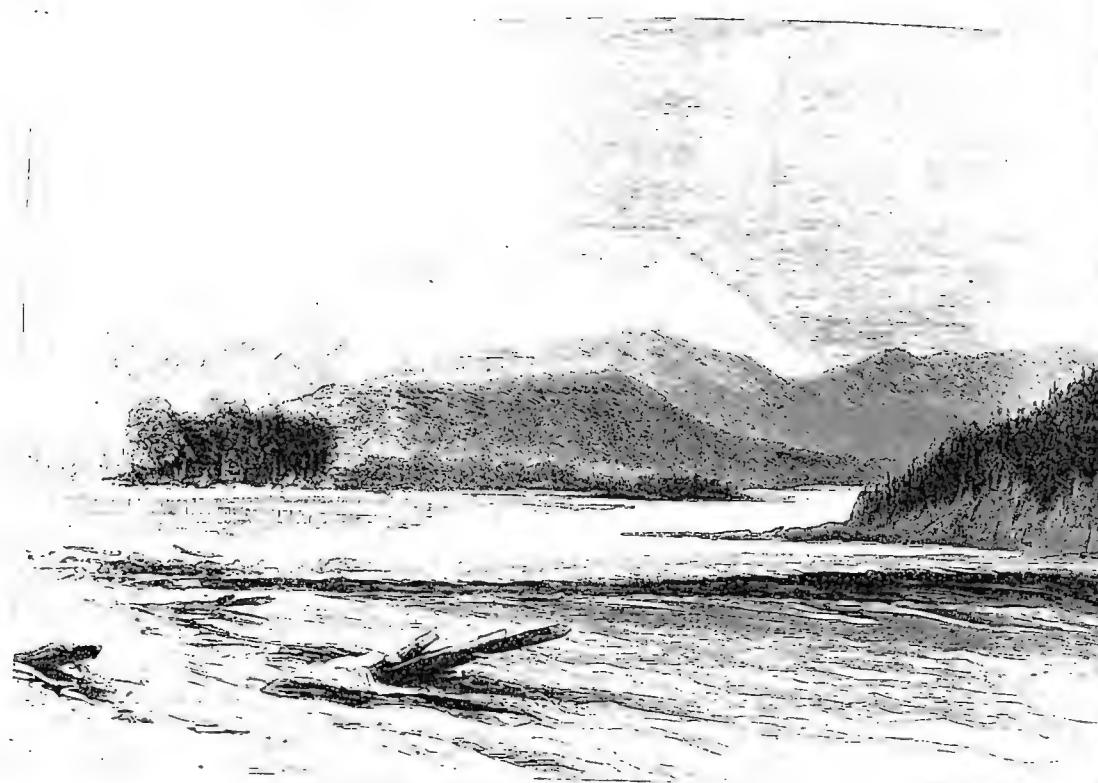
Mario and Violet were left pretty much at leisure to make love. The fewness of the days which remained to them for being together, excused Violet in her own eyes for devoting them almost exclusively to Mario. They must part so soon. For his part he needed no excuse for doing what was pleasant. The guileless devotion of this pure young girl was infinitely attractive. It was so true, and sweet, and innocent, that it seemed to fill his life as with a perfume of fresh flowers. And that was a very delicious moral atmosphere to breathe,—for a time. Without giving himself any account of his own motives, the knowledge that they were speedily to be separated made him throw himself more unreservedly into his part of a betrothed lover. There was no prospect of immediate and irrevocable shackles to check his enjoyment of the position. And his passion for Violet was fed both by being daily in her society and by knowing that he must soon lose it.

It was fed to the point of causing him seriously to consider what he should or could do in order to make her his wife. If he left the army, which would be a necessary preliminary to marrying a dowerless girl, he must find some means of eking out his patrimonial pittance.

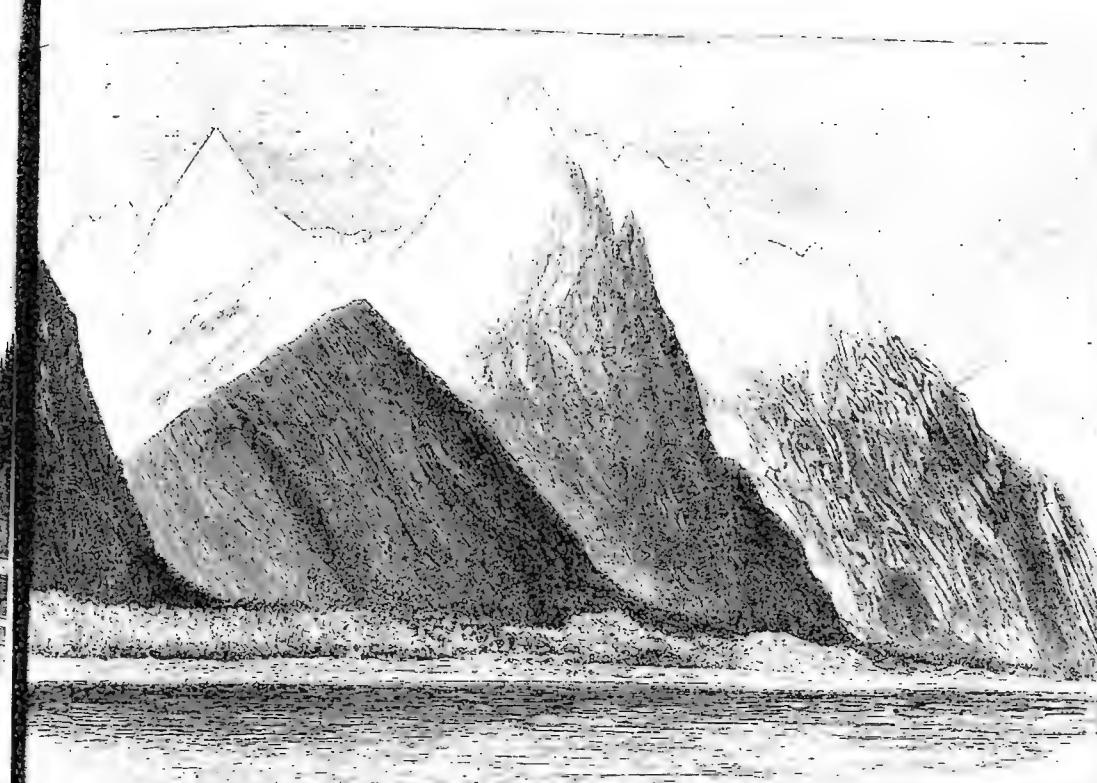
In those days Gino Peretti was talking loudly amongst the more intimate *habitués* of Casa Guarini about the dazzling advantages of various schemes which he had in hand; and the fortunes to be made by shareholders when—a variety of circumstances should happen which had not yet happened, but were infallibly about to happen. Mario Masi was not insensible to the temptation of the prospect held out by Peretti. That stroke of the harlequin's wand which shall produce something out of nothing has a peculiar seductiveness for certain temperaments. And there were some childish traits in Masi which made him an easy subject for that sort of mental mirage. It came naturally to him to believe in some special combination of circumstances which should give him exactly whatever he wanted. His credulity did not extend to dogmas which implied restraining rules of conduct; but it was wide and easy for superstitions and hopeful chances.

(To be continued)

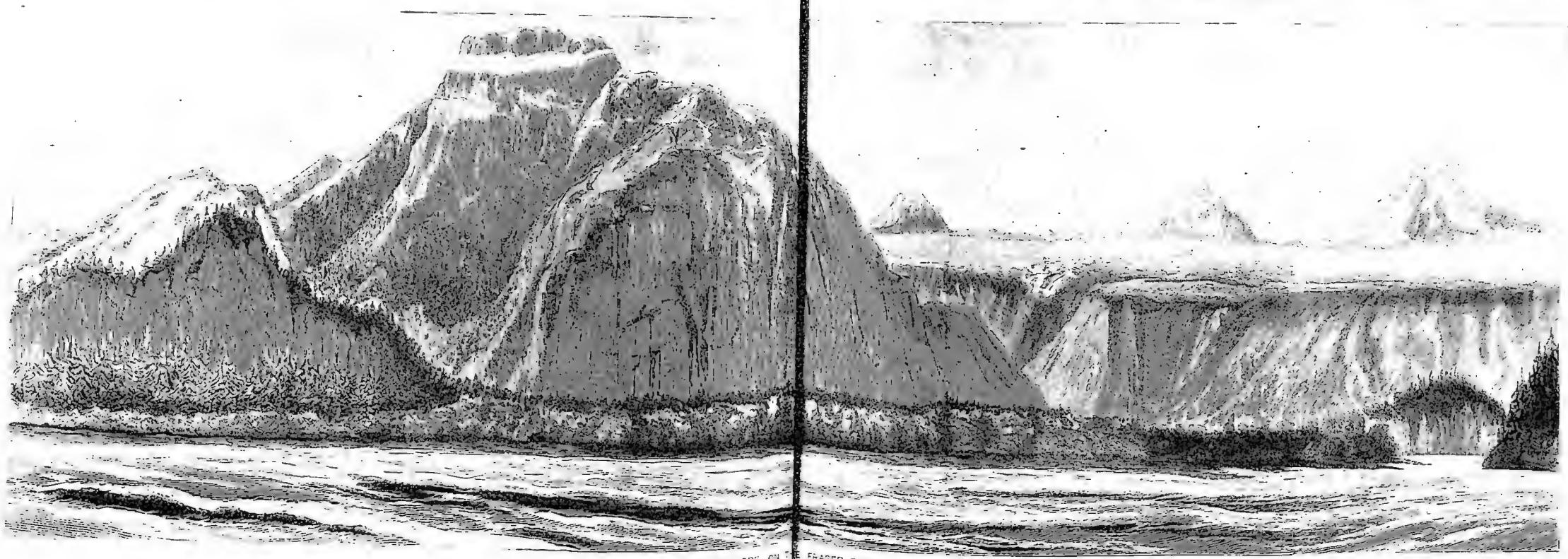
FOREST FIRES IN THE UNITED STATES have been so frequent and serious of late as to materially endanger the future of the timber supply, and the State Boards of Agriculture are beginning to discuss the evil and its prevention. Not only do these fires actually destroy a vast amount of saleable timber, but the charred soil lies waste for years before recovering its capacity to produce another growth. This is particularly the case, according to the *American Architect*, with the white pine forests—the most valuable kind of Transatlantic timber. The first vegetation which appears on the scorched surface is the "fire-weed," which will germinate in the poorest ground, then as successive growths of this weed decay and vegetable mould accumulates, raspberry and blackberry vines spring up from seeds brought by birds. Then come the birches and mountain cherry trees, sheltered at first by the shade of the shrubs, and these, though only short-lived trees, serve to protect the ground. Oaks and maples succeed, and the annual fall of their leaves enriches the soil until within fifty to a hundred years after the burning the land again becomes fitted to produce the original white pine, for which, however, the land must be cleared with the axe and subjected to cultivation. The chief causes of fires are the sparks from locomotives falling among the trees, and the carelessness of hunters and charcoal or brush-burners.



THE FOUR SISTERS AND A REACH OF THE FRASER RIVER



THE PEAKS OF THE FOUR SISTERS



MOUNT HOPE, ON THE FRASER RIVER

THE TOUR OF THE PRINCESS LOUISE AND THE MARQUIS OF LORNE
FROM SKETCHES BY HIS EXCELLENCY THE MARQUIS OF LORNE, K.T., GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA



"SIBERIA IN ASIA," by Henry Seeborn (Murray). Nearly five years have elapsed since Mr. Seeborn's journey was made; and it is seldom that, after so long an interval, a narrative of travel remains as fresh as this does. Like "Siberia in Europe," it is in the main the journal of an ornithologist. At starting a mistake was made in going too far north before the migration of birds had properly commenced, and the author was compelled to return pretty much by the same route by which he had reached his hunting-grounds. This circumstance, however, turned out very much in his favour; for, after many disappointments, he was at last rewarded with success, such as enabled him to bring home certain skins and eggs, of which "no examples existed in any known collection." The chapter on bird migrations is specially notable, containing as it does many novel and interesting facts on a subject that is little understood. For instance, the author's observation goes to show that birds of prey, so far from following the courses of their victims, prefer to take a course of their own; and further that the migration of birds is not made indiscriminately: all migratory birds do not take the same line of flight, in fact, the tracks of different species have been found sometimes to cross each other at right angles. Another point, too, upon which Mr. Seeborn's book throws valuable light, is the question of climatic influence upon the development of species. The birds of Siberia are not new species; but, for the most part, varieties of those familiar in warmer latitudes—modifications, indeed, produced by different conditions of existence. It is not altogether for its ornithological matter that this handsome volume is acceptable: it contains a large amount of information about the country, its people, and its rulers. In this respect, perhaps, it is chiefly interesting in that it confirms much that we have heard from previous travellers. Thus drunkenness is the peasant's great vice, accompanied with the inevitable dirt and squalor. The Greek Church—or, at least, the officials of the Greek Church—make a point of encouraging the habit of drinking and (under the guise of holiday-making) of idleness. This, of course, is the exact converse of the conduct of the Moslems; the result being that Tartars are found living in cleanliness and prosperity almost side by side with Russians, who drag out a miserable existence amidst all manner of wretchedness. The corruption of the officials, too, is brought out with startling and sardonic effect. An account of one Von Gazeckampf, local magistrate of Tooroskansk, is at once amusing and significant; he may almost be said to out-Russian the most venal Russian ever condemned by the wildest anti-Slav leader-writer—and that is saying a good deal. The illustrations (wood engravings) are particularly careful and refined in execution; though they are not always well-printed. But the book, as a whole, is very well got up; whilst the narrative is as entertaining and as instructive as anything of its kind we have read for a long, long time.

If handsome "get up"—fine typography, a broad and pleasant margin, uncut edges, and a right royal paper—were all that were necessary to make a good book, then assuredly "A Royal Warren" (The Typographic Etching Company) would be excellent indeed. The letterpress has been written by Mr. C. E. Robinson, who is described on the title-page as the author of "The Cruise of the *Widgeon*," and other works. We have not had the good fortune to acquaint ourselves with these productions, but, judged by his latest effort, Mr. Robinson has much to learn in the matter of style and composition. He shows a marked tendency to "fine writing" of a sort somewhat wearisome, and he has a habit—in moments of heat and frenzy—of spoiling his prose, by an unmistakable, and sometimes an unpleasant, rhythm. Apart from faults of this nature, however, it must be conceded that this book contains a vast amount of historic research, and plenty of entertaining gossip, and legendary lore. The "Royal Warren," it should be explained, is the isolated promontory called the Isle of Purbeck; for long the private hunting-ground of Norman kings. It was purposely secluded, and even to this day the effects of the old forest laws may still be traced in its mediæval quaintness and general old world air. Such a spot—"such a thorough-going bit of Old England," as the author well calls it—affords many picturesque "bits" for the artist, and accordingly the volume is profusely illustrated by Mr. Alfred Dawson, son of the late Henry Dawson, the landscape painter. It must be said of these productions generally that they are simple, sincere, and not without charm of a kind. They are chiefly etchings by a new method, invented by the artist, and called "Typographic Etching," the principal merit of the process being that it enables an etching to be printed along with type in the ordinary way, just as wood blocks are printed. The invention certainly promises well, but, so far as we may judge by the results under notice, the effect of the impressions is weak; whether, however, the weakness is due to a want of judgment in the use of overlays and underlays, or whether it is inherent in the plates, we cannot, of course, say.

In "Every Day Art" (Batsford) Mr. Lewis F. Day has collected—chiefly from the *Magazine of Art*—some very sensible writings on the interesting subject of home decoration. In fact, with the exception of a slight tendency towards the kind of thing we call aestheticism, it is, perhaps, as sensible a book as any of its class. Mr. Day is not only an artist of notable taste and attainments, but he has also thought out his subject with care and completeness, and in the case of decoration this is of the highest importance. As a matter of fact most recent writers on this matter do not appear to have thought about anything but themselves, with the result that their ideas of decorative right and wrong are of the vaguest. Mr. Day, on the other hand, starts on a fair and just basis; his principles are unimpeachable, his precepts generally of the best. In short he writes with understanding, with modesty, and with practical aims.

Mr. Robert Harris has kept a pleasant record of a voyage from "Southampton to South Africa," by a series of photographs taken on board the Union Mail steam-ship *Arab*. These photographs were almost all taken while the vessel was going at full speed, and considering those conditions they are excellent specimens of modern photography. Handsomely bound in a volume, published by Messrs. Marion and Co., these views form a worthy gift-book. Engravings from some of the photographs have appeared in this journal.—Every one remembers the wonderful success of that amusing American book, "Helen's Babies,"—how it was quoted and laughed over, and how Budge and Toddie were familiar names in every English household. That "A Bad Boy's Diary" (Alfred Hayes), will meet with so great success is hardly likely, but it will take a good second place. Georgie is a delightful youngster, and his adventures will be gleefully followed by all readers who can enjoy unadulterated fun.—The volumes of Mr. Kinglake's "Invasion of the Crimea" have been noticed at length in these columns as they have from time to time been issued to the public. We merely refer now to the seventh volume of the Cabinet Edition (William Blackwood and Sons), to draw attention to the new preface in which Mr. Kinglake contrasts the conduct of the recent warlike operations in Egypt with the conduct of the great war in the Crimea. Though brief, this preface is weighty; and two of its pages contain a vivid summary of the English successes. The latter part of the preface Mr. Kinglake devotes to a crushing exposé of the errors of an Edinburgh Reviewer, who criticised one of the earlier volumes of "The Invasion of the Crimea."—We

have to note the thirteenth issue of "The Clergy Directory," 1883 (Thomas Bosworth and Co.), a volume of often-proven usefulness.—Strange as it may sound, we have found "Notes from Sick Rooms," by Mrs. Leslie Stephen (Smith, Elder, and Co.) very delightful reading. There is so much sense and instruction, so much observation and womanliness in this little book, that one would almost willingly be ill to be nursed by such a charming person as she would be who had mastered all Mrs. Stephen's lessons. The contents of this book should be learnt by heart by every sick-nurse.—There is no doubt that "A Guide to the Medical Profession," by Edwin Wootton (L. Upcott Gill), is a work of much practical utility. It treats of medical schools all over the world, and its information will often be of use to the public as well as to medical men, though by the latter it will, of course, be specially prized. Much pains have been taken to render the volume complete and exact.—A doubt has been raised as to whether "How I Stole the Block," by an "Old Etonian" (Bickers and Son), is really a true account of the famous theft of the old Eton whipping-block, and as the "Old Etonian" is not likely to discard his anonymity, the question will probably remain unsettled. But whether true or not, all old Etonians will grin over the tale in this little pamphlet.—"C'est, au moins, très curieux," said Miss Rosa Baughan, when she was shown by a French friend how the lines and mounds on the hands of certain Frenchmen bore out the theories of palmistry, and in her pamphlet, "The Handbook of Palmistry" (George Redway), Miss Baughan does not pretend that palmistry is anything more than "au moins, très curieux." The terminology of this pseudoscience, its "lines of life," "mounts of Mercury," and "rings of Venus," is but sorry jargon. But such as it is, the pamphlet explains it fully, and it possesses a certain literary interest, for Miss Baughan shows the connection between palmistry and the doctrines of the Kabbala.

"Who's Who in 1883" (A. H. Baily and Co.), maintains its pre-eminence as the handiest book of reference to titled and professional people. It is corrected and revised up to 24th of December, 1882, and contains mention of all the promotions and rewards in connection with the recent military operations in Egypt.—"The Peerage and Baronetage for 1883," by Joseph Foster (Nichols and Sons, Chapman and Hall), is before us. The work is as complete and scholarly as in former years. Among other alterations we may notice that, in deference probably to the protests of Mr. Freeman, the "lineages" of some of the peers of long pedigrees are amended, "with a view to render them more trustworthy and historical." The Baronetage has been carefully revised, and Mr. Foster may fairly be satisfied with his excellent year's work. The preface, with its protests against the admission of the claims of *soi-disant* baronets, and its criticism of the Lyon Office of Scotland, is full of interest. The well-executed armorial bearings are, as usual, a prominent feature of this work.—We have received Volume XXIX. of "The Shipwrecked Mariner" (George Morris, Paternoster Square), the organ of the Shipwrecked Fishermen and Mariners' Royal Benevolent Society. The volume is filled with articles and illustrations dealing with the perils of the sea, and with topics of interest to the maritime classes.

"The Australian Handbook, 1883" (Gordon and Gotch: London, Sydney, Brisbane, and Melbourne).—This is the fourteenth issue of a publication which has become to persons interested in the Australasian colonies almost as indispensable as the London Post Office Directory is to Londoners. It contains almost everything about these colonies which practical people want to know, and under the term Australasia both Fiji and New Guinea are included. We miss with some regret the small coloured maps of each of the five Australian colonies, but in place of these railway maps are given, and the large general map, by Skene, instead of being tucked into the cover, is divided into five portions, and is therefore more accessible than it was. But it is by no means so clear and distinct as map ought to be. The map-index, given for the first time in this issue, and the astronomical data (sunrise, sunset, &c.) for six of the chief Australasian cities are genuine improvements, and a good deal of new information about Northern Queensland is supplied.

The "Era Almanac," as usual a welcome visitor, contains a mass of information interesting to all those who in various ways are interested in dramatic affairs. A list of the pieces produced in 1882 in London, the provinces, and in Paris; an obituary; a collection of amusing anecdotes and paragraphs; and *fac-simile* specimens of drawings by actors and actresses, are the chief features, as aforetime, of Mr. Ledger's budget.

"The Girls' Own Cookery Book," by Phyllis Browne (The Girls' Own Paper Office, Paternoster Row), certainly carries out in its pages what it promises in the author's preface, namely, that it is intended as a guide or key to cookery, not as a simple collection of culinary recipes. Cleanliness and strict attention during the process of cooking is strongly enforced even for the simplest viands, and girls anxious to learn how to prepare ordinary every-day fare in the most wholesome and inviting manner cannot do better than follow the rules laid down for their instruction in the above small volume.

Mr. James Platt has published a complete collection of his well-known essays on Business, Money, and Economy (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.).

SCIENTIFIC NOTES

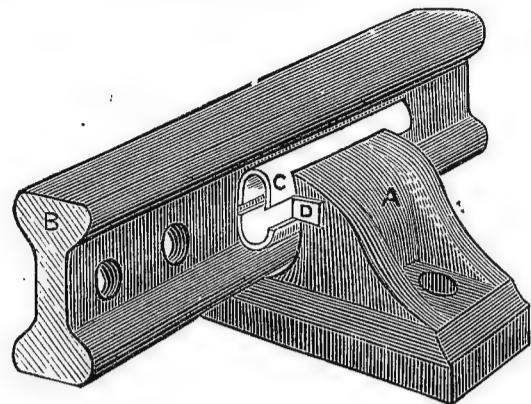
THE first prize—a silver medal—at the North-East Coast Exhibition, has been awarded to Mr. Pickwell, of Hull, for an invention which is likely to be of extreme value to the shipping interest. It consists of an apparatus fixed below the compass card of a vessel which automatically records the course actually steered. The simplicity of the arrangement is its best recommendation. A revolving cylinder turned by clockwork, and covered with sensitive (photographic) paper, is so placed that a ray of light—let in through an orifice in the compass card above it—is projected upon a different part of the paper according to the course steered. The resulting record is a ruled document, with a sinuous line traced across it by the action of the light, not only showing the different directions in which the vessel has proceeded during the day, but also showing for how long a time a particular course was adhered to. The time during which a vessel lays to for a pilot to come on board, or for any other purpose, is accurately noted, and by help of an attached lamp the record is made at night as well as during the day. We need hardly remind our readers how many inquiries have arisen at different times when a knowledge of the particular course steered by a ship has been a matter of great moment to the owners. This invention will obviate such a difficulty, for the owner will have it in his power to obtain a daily chart of the course steered for the whole of any particular voyage.

The terrible number of fatal fires which have lately occurred have caused people to ask whether some more ready appliance than the distant fire-escape can be made available in case of sudden outbreak. Mr. B. G. Jenkins reminds us that two years ago he made a suggestion, which, if carried out, would go far towards solving the problem. He suggests that one or more ropes, with swivels attached, should be kept in readiness in every household. The swivel is intended to fasten upon a permanent staple fixed in every room just below the window. Each rope should have upon it a few leather rings for those whose hands are too tender to grasp the rope itself. The rope could easily be made fireproof if required, but as a matter of fact a rope is not a thing to easily inflame. The suggestion is most certainly worthy of attention.

The usual manner of securing rails on railways to the chairs upon which they rest, is by the insertion of a wooden block, or key,

which is hammered in until it fills up the space between the two pieces of ironwork, and holds the rail tightly in its place. Owing to the vibration of the rails when a train passes, and also to the effects of the weather, these wooden keys often become loose; indeed, it is a common occurrence to see men inspecting their condition, and urging them in with a long-handled hammer. A new form of metal key has just been introduced with view to effect a more permanent and safer grip upon the rail, and the annexed diagram will explain its nature.

A is the ordinary chair, B the rail which it supports, and C the new key. This key is of tubular shape, slotted from end to end, and having a tongue D which can be bent over against the chair, as shown. We do not know the cost of this key; but suppose that, as it is made of iron or steel, it must certainly be far more expensive



than the wooden blocks it is intended to supersede. Unfortunately, however meritorious an invention may be, and although it may distinctly promise increased safety to life and limb, its cost is the point which decides its general adoption, or the reverse. The inventor is Mr. H. B. Moreton, of Cardiff.

The Suez Canal Company have decided to expend a sum of money, not far short of one million sterling, in works which will greatly enhance the value of their property. These works include a new dock at Port Said, the widening of the Canal where it crosses the Bitter Lakes, and the creation of new sidings, or resting-places. The works will cover a period of several years, and are estimated so as to increase the traffic capacity that it will be nearly doubled. When these works are complete, the question of constructing another canal, so as to make an up and down channel for traffic, will be taken into serious consideration.

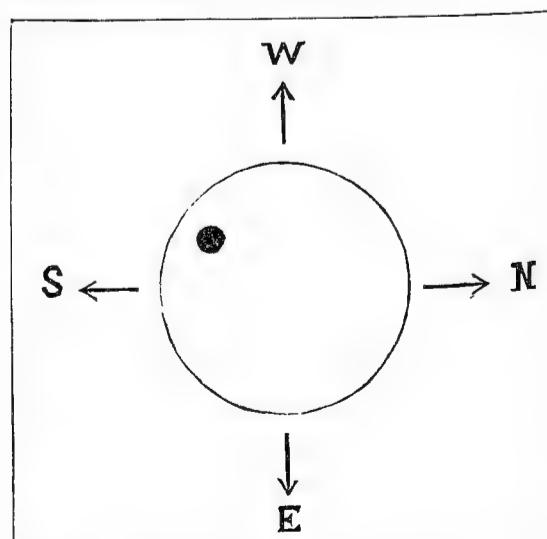
Many years ago the great French experimenter, Béquerel, discovered that an electric current was generated when carbon was plunged into fused saltpetre. Dr. Brand, of La Rochelle, acting upon this knowledge, has constructed an electro-generative torch or candle, consisting of a mixture of carbon and saltpetre. The carbon is represented by coal dust moulded into a stick by the addition of molasses. This rod is then covered with sheet asbestos, and is dipped into melted nitre, as an ordinary tallow candle is dipped into melted fat, until it has received a thick coating of that salt. Wires are connected with the carbon wick and the nitrated coating respectively, and as the torch burns a current is generated. The effects are but feeble, but Dr. Brand hopes, by applying the principle to ordinary fireplaces, to generate sufficient current to ring the bells of the house in which such fires are maintained.

Dr. Alexander Mayer has proposed a novel system of burial, which, while obviating the difficulties and prejudices which at present stand in the way of cremation, he claims to possess all the sanitary advantages connected with that ancient method of disposing of the dead. His system is simply to enclose the body in an opaque glass coffin, hermetically sealed, to drive out the air from this receptacle, and to replace it with carbonic acid, or some other gas of antiseptic properties. By these means the body would be preserved as well as if it had been embalmed, and burial could be deferred, if required, for any period. The plan is ingenious, and might in certain cases prove to be very useful. But most of us think that any process which delays the transition of the body to its original dust is a mistake.

The Admiralty authorities have recently tested three different patterns of portable fire engines. One was the well-known *extincteur*, which depends for its "throw" upon the pressure produced by the carbonic acid formed within it by chemical means, and the other two contained a store of compressed air, which threw out the water with, as it proved, the same energy. The trials were not conclusive, for although the *extincteur* succeeded in quenching its bonfire of shavings and tar more effectually than the other two, its water capacity was nearly two thirds greater. The *extincteur* certainly has the advantage of being self-contained. It needs no charging with compressed air, for the touch of a knob brings the chemicals into immediate action, without further outside help. T. C. H.

THE TRANSIT OF VENUS

THIS remarkable phenomenon, which took place on December 6th last, and which will not occur again until all the animal life now on the globe has long ceased to exist, was observed very favourably in



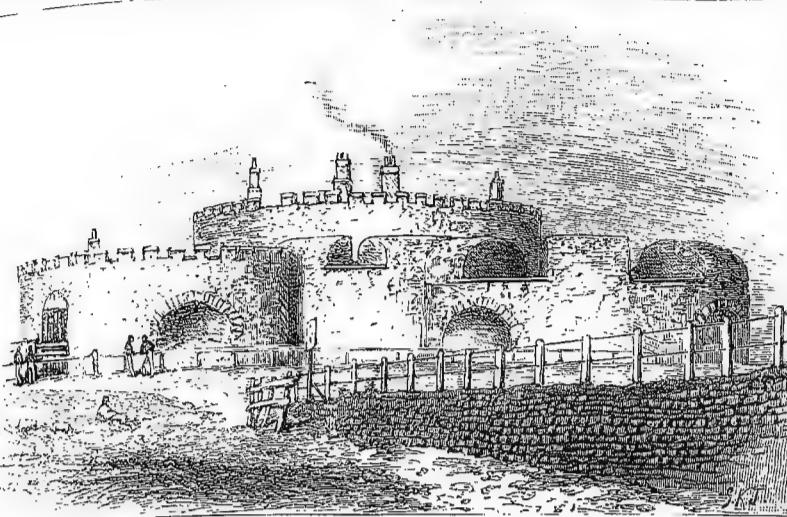
The Transit of Venus as Seen from the Top of the Drakensberg Mountains, South Africa

South Africa. At Durban there was a cloudless sky, and the view from the observatory was almost perfect. The observations at Cape Town and Wellington were also very successful. Our diagram shows the transit as seen through a smoked glass on the top of the

Prakensberg Mountains, by Mr. Arthur Fattisson, of Fort Hartley. The Prakensberg range forms the boundary between Natal and the Basutoland. Some of the mountains are over 9,000 feet high, and are several of the largest rivers of South Africa take their source.

SANDOWN CASTLE

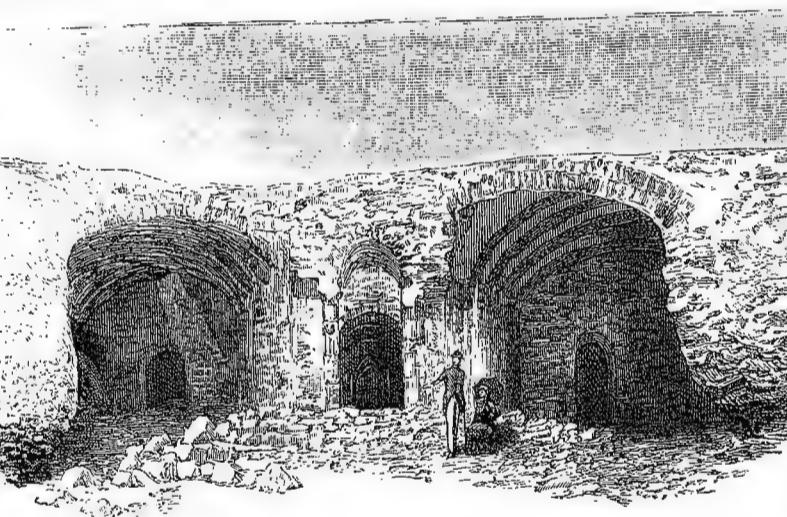
SANDOWN CASTLE, near Deal, now being demolished, affords a remarkable proof of the solid building of our forefathers as compared to the swiftly run-up constructions of the present day. It was thought that the old fortress would be pulled down with the greatest ease; but, much to every one's surprise, the stones are so firmly embedded in cement, even stronger than the stones themselves, that the mason's pick is no use whatever, and blasting has been adopted. A considerable portion of the work is done, and as the Castle is of historical interest the materials are being taken to Dover Castle,



The Castle—West View

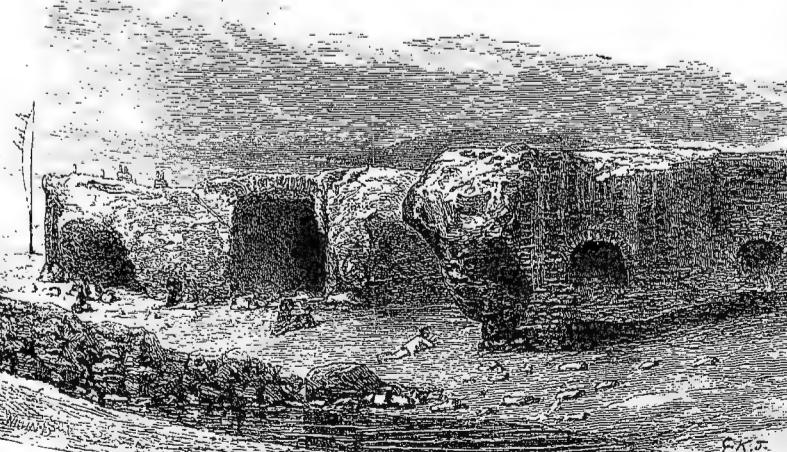
where, by the suggestion of the Archaeological Society, they will be used to construct a residence for the General commanding the S.E. district, the house being built at Constable's Tower, near the old entrance of Dover Castle.

The castle was originally built in 1539 by Henry VIII., and its stone walls towards the sea are twenty feet thick. It was originally surrounded by a moat, but the encroachments of the sea have removed all traces, and the waves now wash the castle walls. The castle appears to have been in a bad way for upwards of two



The Ruins—East View

centuries, as when the Parliamentary Colonel Hutchinson was confined within its grim walls "It was," says Mrs. Hutchinson, "a lamentable ruined old place." The colonel's room had five doors in it, "all very black, and every tide washed the foot of the walls." The castle formed one of three fortifications—the other two being at Deal and Walmer—erected by Bluff King Hal to repel any invasion, and consisted of an immense round tower in the centre, connected with four lunettes or semicircular outworks, the whole being surrounded by a deep fosse, and having additional defences



The Ruins—North-East View

and batteries towards the sea. The entrance was by a drawbridge and a gate on the land side. In the lower part of the central tower was a large bomb-proof vaulted apartment for the use of the garrison. Up to the time of its demolition the castle was under the command of a captain and lieutenant, who were subordinate to the Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports.—Our engravings are from photographs by E. L. Bridge, Deal.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

MR. EDWIN ARNOLD seems to have devoted himself to the task, for which no living poet was better fitted, of expounding for British readers, through the medium of verse, the peculiarities of those principal forms of religion which prevail in Oriental countries. Hindu theology inspired his "Indian Song of Songs;" in that sublime poem, "The Light of Asia," the life and teaching of the semi-mythical Gautama afforded the subject-matter; and now the author puts forward what may be regarded as a plea for Islam in "Pearls of the Faith, or Islam's Rosary" (Triibner), thus completing the trilogy as originally designed. The Mahommedan rite which forms the basis of the idea is sufficiently explained in the preface, and need not here be dwelt upon; but the commemoration of the "ninety-nine beautif'ul Names of Allah" is supposed to be the work of an Indian Mussulman, each title being illustrated either by a metrical version of some portion of the Koran, or by a legend bearing upon the special attribute of the Creator thereby commemorated. It is not impossible that the work may suffer from the surpassing beauty of its immediate forerunner, but we must own to a feeling of disappointment in the result; perhaps, also, the subject is in itself less intrinsically attractive; however it may be, the fact remains that "Pearls of the Faith" is, as a whole, a trifle dull. The same judgment, it may be added, has been passed on the Koran itself by many who have attempted its perusal in an English dress, and have finished with the decision that the translator's notes are by far the most interesting portion of the work. Added to this Mr. Arnold has hardly done justice to his great poetical gifts; the metres selected are not always consonant with the genius of English verse, and are at times even awkward; in many places the musical ear demands a more frequently-recurring rhyme, and in one or two the supposed rhyme is one to the eye only,—more especially is this the case in the couplets which introduce and close each section. Still, there are of course many fine passages, and the world is the richer by some noble poetry; foremost amongst the most effective pieces may be placed "The Angel of Death," "Abraham's Bread," and "The Rose Garden," although in this last-named we fail to discover the special bearing of the lyric, sweet as it is, upon the title Al-Jamil, i.e., "The Benign." Two things will particularly strike the student, viz., the extent to which the Prophet of Islam availed himself of Judaic and Christian teaching, and even probably of popular folk-lore, and the singular coincidence—which may arise from this last-named use—between some of the legends here related and certain traditional tales familiar to Western minds. To select a few examples: it is impossible to overlook the identity of the story of Sayid and Ishâk with that of Damry and Ilyâs; in "Ozair the Jew" is found the same idea as is embodied in the mediæval legend of the monk and the bird; "Moses and the Angel" recalls the parable versified by Parnell in his once popular poem, "The Hermit;" whilst in "Abraham's Bread," already referred to, we have at least the germ of the beautiful, if mythical, legend of St. Elizabeth of Hungary. For the other matter, it will be noted that the teaching of Section No. 57 is a direct reflex of New Testament doctrine, and that in No. 48 is set forth the awful Christian mystery of the Beatific Vision; these by the way, and not to multiply instances. The book will repay perusal, but is one rather to be taken up at intervals than to be read straight through; it is appropriately bound in green, with edges of the same hue.

Oriental matters, though of a different nature, also form the basis of "The Epic of Kings: Stories Retold from Firdusi," by Helen Zimmern (T. Fisher Unwin), a capitally executed work, which ought to become widely popular. It is in effect a not unsuccessful attempt to reproduce, in an English prose dress, both the matter and the spirit of the famous Persian epic, the "Shah Nameh," and these tales of Eastern chivalry deserve to be shortly as familiar to all who have the wit to appreciate them as they have for centuries been to the humblest peasant in their native land. What, for example, could be finer of their kind, or more suggestive, than what may be described, in old-world fashion, as "The Gestes of Rustem,"—only, in an age when people are to be found who think it a sign of mental ascendancy to sneer at "Thalaba," it is to be feared that the appreciative audience will be more select than numerous. Yet even modern dilettantism may pause at that sad, wild episode of which Mr. Matthew Arnold has given one, though not the best version, viz., "Rustem and Sohrab," most pitiful of all romances, saving our national one of "Balin and Balan." Miss Zimmern, who has depended for her original upon the French version of Professor Mohl, has carried out her purpose with considerable spirit, and, with a quick appreciation of the special requirements of the case, elected to present her version in, to use her own words, "the simple language of the age of Shakespeare and the English Bible." Personally we should have preferred fifteenth-century English, as being not only simpler and purer, but more generally associated with romance; but the attempt, though not altogether successful, is praiseworthy, and a move in the right direction. We submit to Miss Zimmern that such a phrase as "you would have said," would have been unknown to the period she has chosen; and that at no known period in English literature could such expressions as "neither did they wot," or "his heart was smote," pass muster even as decent grammar,—might we suggest as an emendation of the former, "neither wist ye?" The charm of the volume is enhanced by two etchings by Mr. Alma Tadema, of which the frontispiece, representing the shot of Prince Zal, is the finer. Mr.

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E. W. Goss also furnishes an introductory poem of so much power and beauty as to encourage a hope that the expectations aroused by his first volume may yet be fulfilled.

An unusually fine piece, whether considered from a poetic or a dramatic point of view, is "In a Day: a Drama," by Augusta Webster (Kegan Paul). The author has so thoroughly established her reputation as one of the most thoughtful and musical of the minor poets of our time that it is almost superfluous to descant upon the excellence of both blank verse and lyrics in this most pathetic of tragedies. It turns upon the hideous Roman law by which a slave's testimony in a court of justice was legal evidence only when given under the influence of torture. Myron, a wealthy young Greek, is on the eve of manumitting and then wedding his slave Klydone; when, at the eleventh hour, his purposes are defeated by a frivolous charge of conspiracy brought before an avaricious judge who has an eye to his own profit. For a while the hero contrives, by his own prompt and manly action, to baffle his accusers; but, since his fate still hangs in the balance, his former pedagogue Olympios, father of Klydone, secretly determines to offer himself as a witness, and to submit to the terrible ordeal whereby his beloved master may be saved. Klydone, trusting in the might of her love, volunteers to share her father's self-sacrifice; overcome by bodily agony the weak flesh masters the willing spirit, and her frenzied admissions seal her lover's doom. The climax of the play touches a very high point, when the despairing girl creeps home in agony of self-abasement to find herself clasped to Myron's heart, and to be his bride in death. That death scene—to the sound of the boy's quaint love song—is as fine as anything since Massinger laid down his lyre. It would be impossible through extracts to give a just idea of this fine work, but attention must be specially drawn to the following passages, viz.: Klydone's prayer in Act II., beginning "All Gods in Heaven," the speech of Olympios, "What is a slave, Euphranor?" and, above all, the last scene of the play. Is there no hope of seeing this noble drama on the boards? Myron and Klydone would be characters at least as effective as Pygmalion and Galatea, for instance; and we believe this would be a splendid acting play.

"The Book of Songs, by Heinrich Heine," translated from the German by Stratheir (W. H. Allen) is, taken as a whole, a very good attempt at a vernacular rendering of the sweetest and saddest of modern lyrists. We still hold to our often-given dictum that only in the so-called Lowland Scots can any adequate rendering be given of Teutonic songs and ballads, but recognise to the full the worth of "Stratheir's" renderings—evidently a labour of sympathetic love. Strangely enough, one of the best is the version of "Die Jungfrau schlaf't in der Kammer," which has something of the creepiness of the original—though that utterly untranslatable last verse is, of course, a stumbling block.

It may be supposed that most of the pieces contained in "Songs of Humanity and Progress," by John T. Markley (Eastbourne: H. Holloway), first saw the light in the columns of the provincial press; they are of about the average standard of merit of such productions. The most ambitious piece is a satire—not wholly without cause—on the vices and follies of the day; only we should have supposed that some of the topics would have been over the heads of the public for which the little brochure is seemingly intended. It would be news to most members of polite society to learn that fat is now the accepted standard of masculine perfection, and that the fair sex tend to develop whiskers and moustachios—this *en passant*. The worst thing about the pamphlet is the foolish and inflated preface, winding up with the hackneyed apology for imperfection; does Mr. J. T. Markley really imagine that a poet must necessarily be a man with plenty of idle time? If so, how about Chaucer, Andrew Marvell, Burns, or for that matter, Shakespeare! Besides which, if verses are worth presenting to the public at all, they should surely be worth the amount of revision, care, and self-denial, requisite to give them a chance of acceptance.

A pretty little fairy extravaganza for juvenile actors is "Little Bluebell, and the Will of the Wisp," a play in three acts for little children, by "Aimée" (Dean and Son). The story is simple, and the verse fluent, whilst the stage directions are sensible and to the point. This is far superior to most productions of the kind.

In "Heart Harmonies: Poems, Songs, and Sonnets," by Edward Croasdale (Elliot Stock), we fail to recognise any features which should have incited the author to submit his verses to public judgment, though there is a haunting sense throughout of having met with many of the same ideas better expressed elsewhere. The writer seems to find his metres a trifle unmanageable,—some lines in "Major and Minor" must have been modelled either upon Walt Whitman, or on Hood's "Lost Child;" some of the rhymes also are eccentric,—we never knew before that anybody considered "chough" the equivalent in sound to "bough,"—or must the latter word be pronounced "buff?" But this is not all; we learn at page forty-four that eagles have teeth, and are left in a state of wildest bewilderment by the following passage:—

The weariness of the hedge,
That shivers a gloomy ghost
In its shroud of rapless sedge,
When the feet of the wind pass by:

Why did the hedge shiver the unlucky ghost? Was it because of its unbecoming, possibly malodorous, toilette, or for being gloomy when expected to enliven the avenger's weariness, or merely as a means of temporarily banishing that weariness by a little violent exercise?

As for "Qualte and Peedra, and Other Poems," by William Frederick Stevenson (Elliott Stock), we are still in doubt whether it is meant as a rather heavy burlesque of unintelligible poetasters, or in sad earnest. The chief piece opens with a dialogue between Doubt and Hope, the latter of which personifications incidentally remarks

The extremes rise, and soar, and go,
Till from the future o'er the gloom
For ever wisdom is, as plume
And wing the poor, o'er wan earth wo.

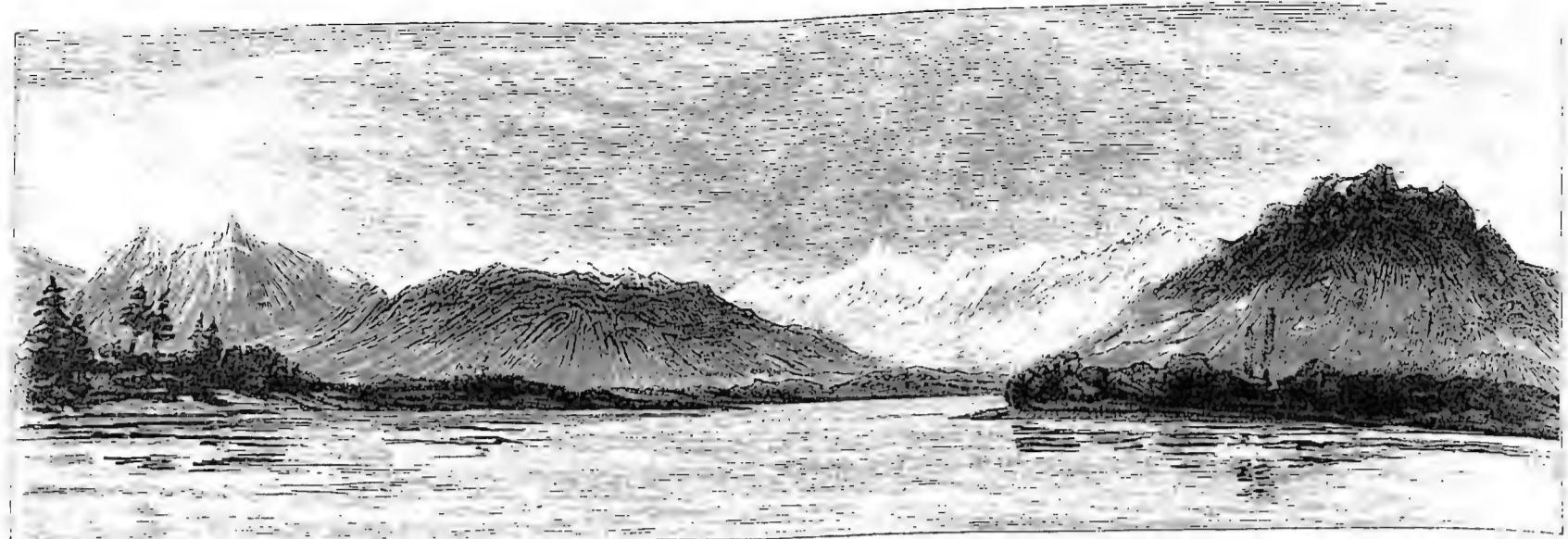
After perusing this carefully, trying to parse or understand it, and giving up either attempt in despair, we read hopefully on, only to be stunned by the following dark saying on the part of the antagonist:—

Sensitives, ye, plethora,
Evil paleth oe'arth grim;
Flee, flee ye far the gory
Alter from the seraphim.

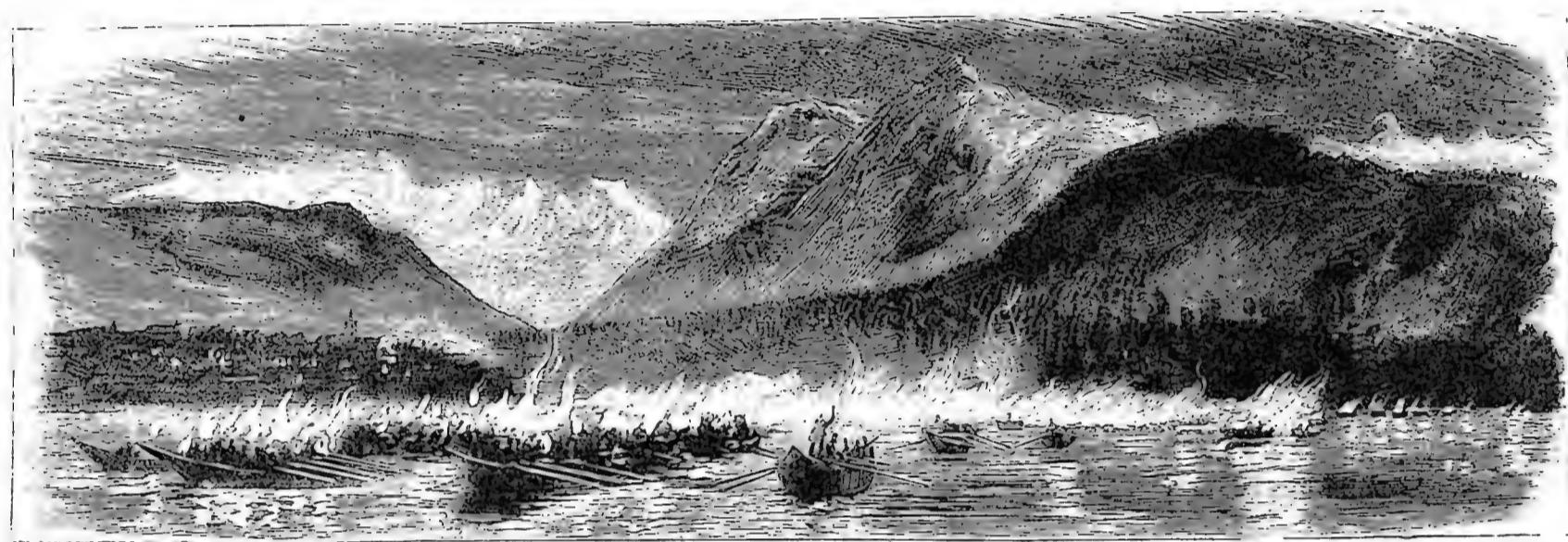
Laura Matilda and the "Person of Quality" seemed to haunt us; yet we read on. But, alas, when Qualte the cave-dweller entered, he only darkened the mystery by his utterances, his unpleasant visitor from town was still more hazy, and Peedra the poet attained the superlative degree. But all three agreed in two things, viz., in being unintelligible to ordinary mortals, and in talking, perhaps, the worst blank verse that ever was written. We will give but one typical passage in justification of our assertions:

Entering the fair plain and the valley,
Behold a light does quiver and entrance
The few song birds who sleep a-heavie;
A music has descendancie, and a cry,
"Impel, ye star dreams, an emergency."
Rolls and echoes in the hill o'er the vale,
Rolls and echoes o'er the lulled hill; the vale
Casts forth an echo to the echoing.

It would be hard to decide whether this recalls more forcibly the speech of the lady in the wig who visited the Mother of the Modern Giacchi, or that famous passage from *Chronophotonthologos*, "Go, call a coach, and let a coach be called," &c. Of the shorter pieces



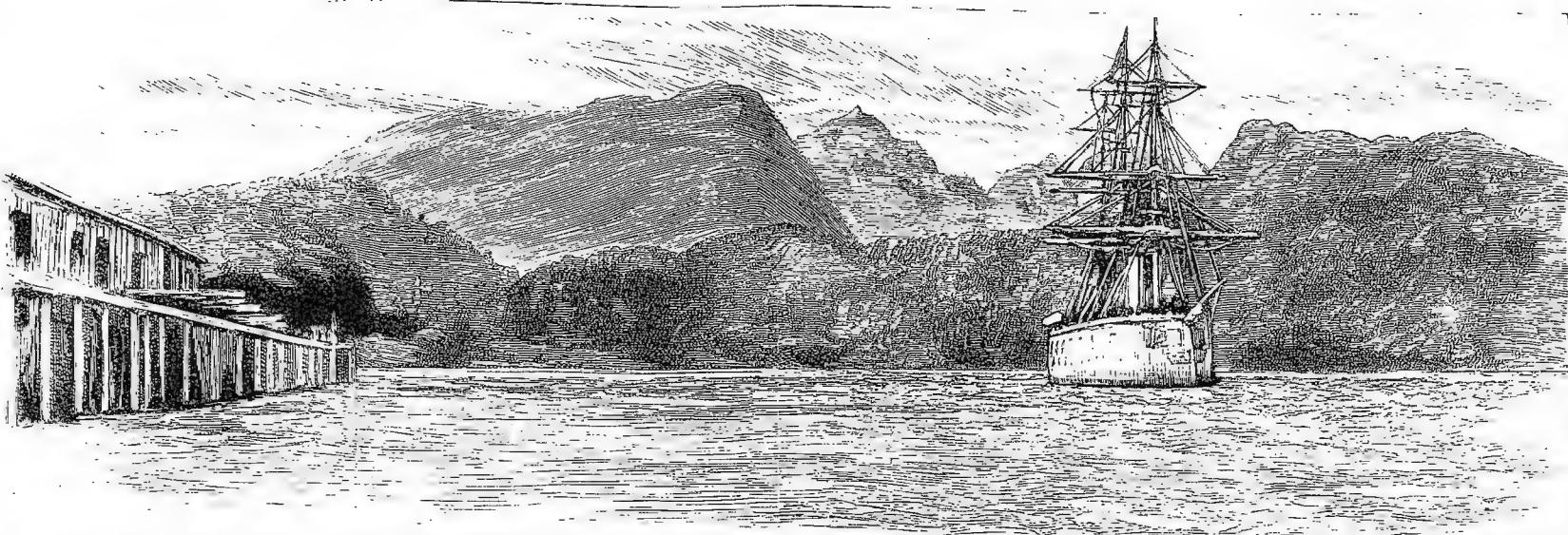
THE FRASER RIVER NEAR ITS MOUTH



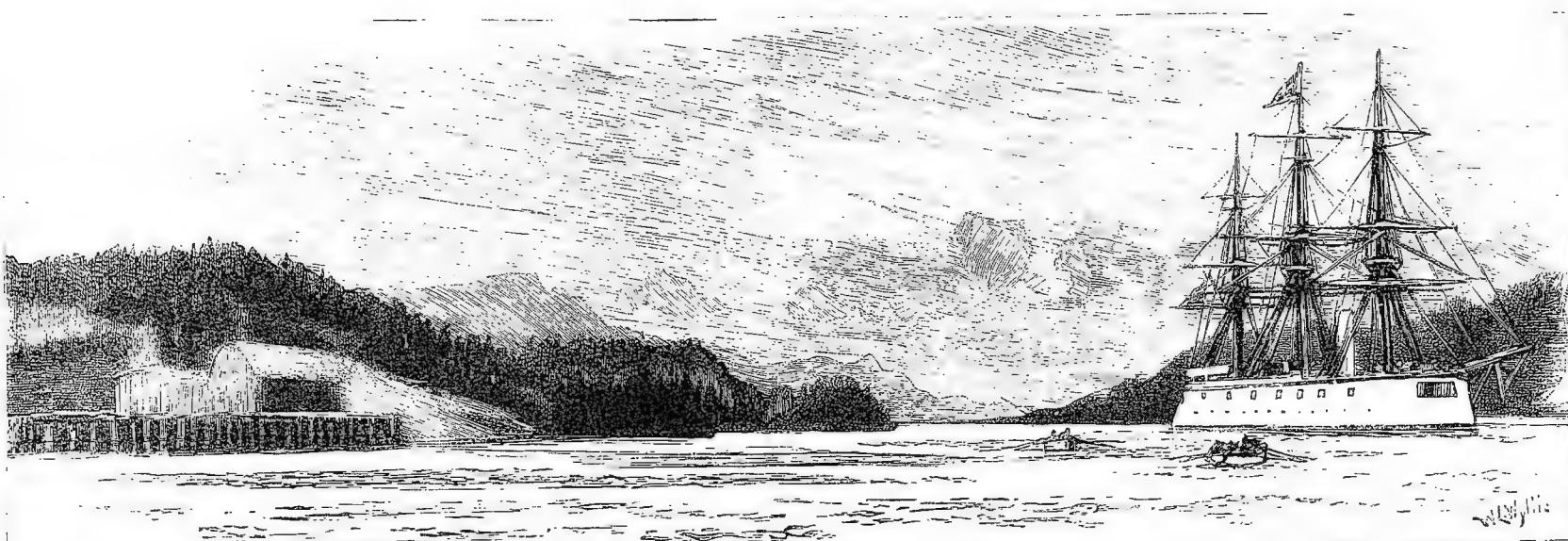
TORCHLIGHT BOAT FESTIVAL AT NEW WESTMINSTER, ON THE FRASER RIVER, IN HONOUR OF THE PRINCESS LOUISE



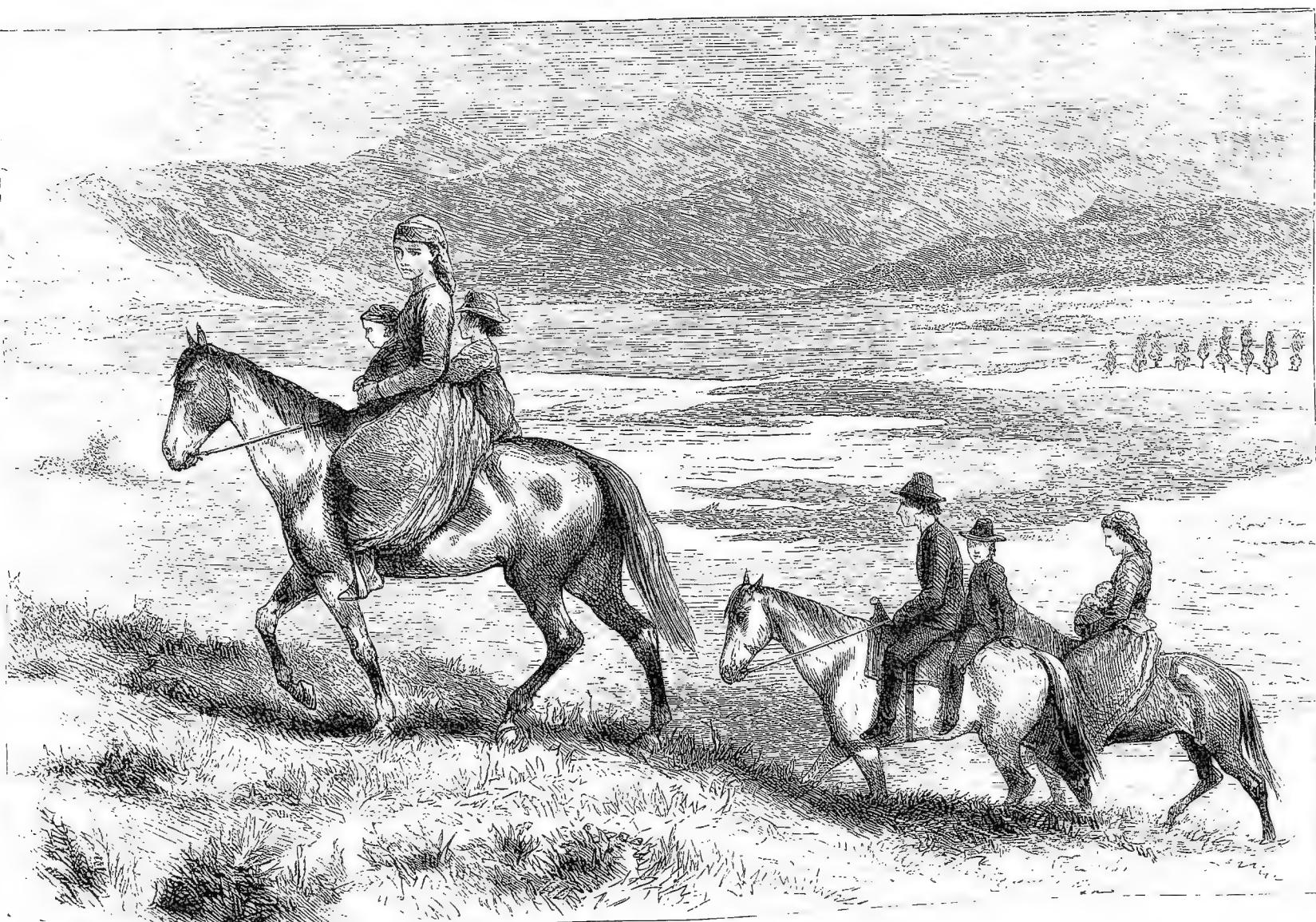
SPILLAMACHEEN VALLEY, BETWEEN SALMON RIVER AND LAKE OKANAGAN



H.M.S. "COMUS" AT BURRARD INLET, THE PRESENT TERMINUS OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY



H.M.S. "COMUS" AT BURRARD INLET, THE PRESENT TERMINUS OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY



INDIANS AT LAKE OKANAGAN

THE TOUR OF THE PRINCESS LOUISE AND THE MARQUIS OF LORNE
FROM SKETCHES BY HIS EXCELLENCY THE MARQUIS OF LORNE, K.T., GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA

we will only advise our readers who wish to judge for themselves to read "It is the night," and try to make sense of it; it is not a long poem, so we may as well quote it entire:

It is the night, the mockless night,
The splendour o'er the life consume,
Of mundane things enfluent,
A fit is aught, as we assume.

Of mundane things, of the grotesque,
Heavenly things seem natural, are
The love, the power, and life to us;
Alters from pain and sorrow far.

Notwithstanding its rather questionable taste, and an entire absence of any true sense of humour, it may be granted that "Lays of the Saintly" or, the New Golden Legend," by Walter Parke (Vizetelly), shows much facility in turning a verse, and some talent for parody—the burlesque of "Dolores" is rather clever in its way. But few Englishmen will care to see the martyrdom of Edmund of East Anglia turned into a quasi-comic burlesque of the Poet Laureate; whilst no poetic mind, to leave reverence out of the question, will admire such a version of the exquisite legend of St. Beatrix, immortalised by Miss Proctor, or of that of St. Catherine of Sienna; Mr. Parke's attempted exculpation of himself from a probable charge of profanity in respect of this last-named is futile—the "best authorities" behind whom he attempts to shelter himself certainly mention the legendary miracle in question, but they do not make it a subject for doggrel rhymes, or attempt to get fun out of it. The preface is peculiar; it is not easy to understand why the author should suppose that Roman Catholics only were likely to be scandalised, but it would, doubtless, gratify the saints to know that even a gentleman glorying in that "nineteenth-century knowledge" by which he sets so much store, can afford patronisingly to admit that they were "doubtless most meritorious personages." By the bye, we were not previously aware that Longfellow invented English hexameters—certainly Gabriel Harvey, and some others who ought to have known better, wrote them.



"MR. ISAACS," A Tale of Modern India, by F. Marion Crawford (Macmillan and Co.), is a really curious volume, and with some originality both in matter and manner. There is no want of internal evidence that it is of American authorship, if only in its conventionally American views of English character and manners, upon which its claims to originality certainly do not depend. It may be taken as in some sense a result of that modern sympathy with Buddhism which seems likely to forge a link between far Eastern philosophy and far Western mysticism. Mr. Isaacs is not a Jew, as his name suggests, but a pure Persian Aryan, a pious Mussulman, and an idealised type of masculine intellect and beauty. Having obtained all the earthly pleasure that is open to a man of virtue and honour, he is promoted from the experience of sense to the experience of the heart, in the form of a perfect love; and thence, through the death of the woman he loves, to the higher experience of the soul. He is guided through the first stage by either himself, or by his star; through the second, by unselfish love and friendship; and is introduced into the third by a Hindoo adept in some unexplained mysteries which we are to suppose transcend even the laws of nature. All this mysticism is oddly, and it must be said effectively, mixed with the details of Anglo-Indian life, including tiger hunting and polo playing. That the author holds, or wishes to illustrate, some esoteric form of belief is likely, though it is occasionally questionable how far the mysticism may not be intended for mystification. In any case "Mr. Isaacs" is often exceedingly suggestive, and still more often amusing; and it will be found a really pleasant occupation to distinguish between the irony and the serious speculation which cross one another throughout the story.

Leader Scott (Mrs. Baxter), in "Messer Agnolo's Household," a "Cinque Cento" Florentine Story (1 vol.: Longmans, Green, and Co.), has succeeded in describing the principal features of public and private life in the Florence of the Medici by means of a sufficiently interesting story. The instruction, in the matters both of amount and of accuracy, to be obtained from his pages is unquestionably excellent; and it is therefore all the more to be regretted that the author has not rendered it more effective from a popular point of view. It was the one defect in George Eliot's "Romola," dealing with the same city at a scarcely later period, that it betrayed too much of the processes intended to give it realistic perfection. "Messer Agnolo's Household" is marked by the historical virtue which becomes a fault in fiction. The plot is too obviously laid out in order to introduce particular incidents and people, and to comprise as much of the author's knowledge as the limits allow. The one right course for a novelist is to use his knowledge for the purposes of colour only, and for the avoidance of incongruities and errors. Otherwise, human interest is apt to be buried out of sight altogether; and this is very nearly indeed happening in the case of the story before us. As an easy handbook to the constitution of the Florentine Republic, it is altogether excellent; but it is impossible to care for any of the characters—in many cases difficult even to distinguish them. Even the historical personages, like Lorenzo himself, are scarcely more than names.

"A Girl's Destiny," A Love Story, by E. C. Clayton (Mrs. Needham) (3 vols.: Tinsley Brothers), is constructed and executed with more slightness than the nature of the plot, which is somewhat complex, demands; but this is preferable to the more common fault of over-elaboration, and the result is decidedly interesting. The fault of sketchiness leaves the many remarkable coincidences of the story in the condition of crude improbability: and this is the more to be regretted since a very little care could at any rate have removed every appearance of unlikelihood. When this objection, however, has been taken, nothing remains but praise for the skilful manner in which Mrs. Needham has turned to account her characters and situations. Without attempting to make the most of them, she has succeeded in making enough of them to attain what ought to be, after all, a novelist's first and last purpose, whatever other may intervene—to interest honestly. The characters have plenty of life, and are well contrasted. The style is capable of improvement, but on the whole the novel is distinctly above the average.

Akin to the last mentioned novel in slightness of form and excellence of tone is "Mary St. John," by Rosa Nouchette Carey (3 vols.: Bentley and Son). This is a story of self-sacrifice which, being barren and wasted, has to find its reward in its own nobility. Indeed some of the results, such as the death beds of no fewer than four children, are of a nature to make the reader feel that the self-sacrifice was something more than thrown away—we are not sure that such incidents do not to a certain extent injure the moral intended to be conveyed. There is, however, no other failure of poetical justice at the close. Many of the portraits, or rather outlines, of character are excellent, and imply considerable power of observation, and a certain freshness of atmosphere is obtained from laying much of the action in a retired corner of Belgium. The general colouring of the story is sad and sentimental, but it is never otherwise than perfectly wholesome, and is not only likely to benefit young readers, but also to attract and interest them—which is even

a more difficult matter to ensure than in the case of their elders. The novel is well-nigh irreproachable so far as positive faults are concerned, and it very successfully reaches the unambitious level at which it aims.

PLOVERS

WHAT would become of the lad who has returned home for the Christmas holidays, or the clerk who snatches a few days in winter to visit country relations, were there no plovers to be shot? Fieldfares and redwings form but a poor substitute; ducks are not always, especially in mild weather, to be found on the streams. But in late autumn and during winter great flocks of green plover (or lapwings) will be seen on most low-lying lands in many parts of the country. Independently of these at times, and at times among or on their flanks, occur small parties of golden plover. These birds are invaluable to the man who, without the expense of taking out a game license for the few days which are all, it may hap, that he can spend in the country, yet desires to have a little shooting. They are crafty and suspicious, and must frequently be stalked with considerable caution by the gunner, so that he gets a good deal of excitement, flavoured, it may be, by not a little disappointment, as the flock rises almost at the last moment of this stalk, yet quite out of shot. They are excellent eating, too, when shot, and can be given away to friends, who will appreciate the dainty only a little less than game. What is more, it requires in many cases a good shot to stop a golden plover when it has got the wind well in its wings. Such a bird does not fall so easily as a fieldfare. Again, the pursuit of plover takes a man into lonely places, and needs no little exertion and activity. It is not, therefore, astonishing that it is a popular sport in the country.

If any one wishes for good plover-shooting in England let him seek the East Anglian seaboard. There he will find in suitable seasons abundance of the three kinds most sought after. Indeed, a comical story is told of an Evangelical clergyman coming for the first time to a living in Lincolnshire, and expressing a hope to the chief farmer of the parish "that there were no Puseyites in it." The answer filled him with horror. "Bless 'ee, sir! at times the fields be white over with 'em!" Here it should be explained that the common Lincolnshire name for lapwings is "pyewipes," to which the unsophisticated countryman thought that the new Rector was alluding. Although there are several sorts of plover more or less rare in England, the dotterel, the Kentish plover, which is really a Mediterranean bird, and the little ringed plover, as well as others which are too small to be much sought after, such as the ringed plover, the turnstone, and the like, three species only as a general rule are in any request with the gunner, the golden plover, the grey, and the lapwing, or green plover.

The golden plover in the gastronomist's opinion is almost, if not quite, the best bird that flies in Britain. These birds are mainly known to sportsmen only in winter, when they are found in companies of larger or smaller size. In spring they quit the south and east of England for breeding places in the Scotch and other northern mountains, and pair, instead of leading a communistic life; but with autumn they once more gather into companies and migrate south, at which time they will be found in moist pastures, heaths, and reclaimed marsh-land. From their appearing in France during the rainy season they have obtained their name of *pluviers*. The rustic still deems their coming the harbinger of wet and storms. They don't fly in such large flocks as the lapwings, from three to thirty being the usual number seen together. The cry of the golden plover is peculiarly wild and plaintive, harmonising with the lonely localities in which it is found. At night it is especially mournful, as it wings its way with an occasional wild whistle over the belated traveller,

There let the wind sweep and the plover cry,

says the Laureate of a deserted grave. Every plan is resorted to when a company of these birds is seen, but hardly any bird is so wary and suspicious. When stalking or approaching it under cover of a thick hedge it is very seldom that it waits to allow the sportsman to get a shot. The best method, then, is to practice concealment while another person goes round and puts up the birds, endeavouring to drive the little flock in the direction of the gunner. It is fond of seaside marshes, especially in severe weather. Should the flock fly near, but not sufficiently low enough for a shot, on firing one barrel the flock will often dip down in their flight, when one or two may be obtained by the sportsman who knows of this plan. The dissimilarity of the golden plover's plumage in summer and winter is very striking. Both grey and golden plover, while breeding, change their breast feathers from white or whitish-grey to deep black. Professional fowlers sometimes lure the golden plover to them by tethering a little dog to a post. Its antics seem to fascinate the golden plover, which is then shot. A cheerfully-minded dog of this kind is a regular portion of the decoyman's stock-in-trade. His decoy ducks are useful, but this is simply invaluable; the ducks bring the wild-fowl near the "pipe;" the little playful dog lures them up it.

The grey plover is only seen on our shores in winter in its grey and white plumage. It occurs in even smaller parties than its golden brother; is more shy, though more sociable, as far as other birds are concerned, and habitually joins any other kind of bird which it sees enjoying a good feeding ground. Being a cosmopolite, it has been found in India, South Africa, the Malay Archipelago, and even South America. Mr. Seeborn gives a good account of finding the grey plover's nest and eggs along with Mr. Harvie-Brown on the Siberian "tundras," near the Petchora River, above the limit of forest growth. Even there, however, it seems very local in its distribution, and is extremely wary. As the male and female birds fluttered over their nest, a mere hole scraped in the moorland, among clouds of mosquitos, the former ornithologist noticed the long plaintive whistle, like "kleek" or "kleep," which forms the call-note of the species. When alarmed the birds used another note, like "köp," and we may complete the picture which these accomplished ornithologists give of the grey plover in its northern seclusion, by the following quaint translation: "If I wanted to make a free translation from Ploverski into English, I should say that *klee* means 'Hallo! old fellow!' and *köp* means 'Mind what you are about!'" ("Siberia in Europe," Murray, 1883, p. 223). It is always something of a prize for a sportsman to obtain a specimen of the grey plover from the British sea-shores. Occasionally it flies inland, and Mr. Harting has killed them in East Anglian marshes twenty miles from the sea.

The lapwing, after all, forms the staple of a man's sport when plover-shooting. Every country dweller knows the heavily-flapping bird calling "pee-weet!" and, when it condenses to alight, standing delicately on one foot, with dainty green and purple plumage and black crest. It breeds with us, but is partially migratory, and the native birds are largely augmented with foreign immigrants every winter. During that season the flocks in our meadows move about from one place to another as food becomes scarce. Though not so difficult to approach with a gun as its congeners, the lapwing is still sufficiently cautious to require some skill in obtaining a shot. At twilight the flocks break up, and single shots may often be obtained by waiting at the corner of a field, or behind any convenient cover. The nest is little more than a depression in the ground, in which four eggs are invariably laid. The young run as soon as hatched, and are almost exactly the colour of the earth around them. We have taken them up, and on laying them down again and turning away for a moment, found it almost

impossible to detect the pretty downy creatures. Immense quantities of plovers' eggs are found by country-folk in April and sent into the markets. Let no ordinary person think that he can find a lapwing's nest. The parents run cunningly from it before they fly up, and then confuse the seeker by flapping and screaming round him, and counterfeiting lameness. Great quantities of these plovers' eggs are sent across to the London markets from Holland, where they are found among the marshes by persons who devote themselves to the task of finding nests, and by habit acquire great readiness in their discovery.

We know of men in the Lincolnshire marshes who have much local reputation from the same cause. One man, a postman, is said to be able to approach a field, watch the first plover that flies up in April, and then walk unerringly up to the nest. Searching a field regularly, "land" by "land;" or placing a stick, and walking in circles round it till the prize is discovered, are the best methods for ordinary people to adopt who would find lapwing's eggs. In Ireland great numbers of the green plover are taken by fowlers every winter by means of nets. Who ever would see the rationale of these toils fully described, together with admirable diagrams, may find it in Sir R. P. Gallwey's excellent book, "The Fowler in Ireland," which has just been published by Van Voorst.

The lapwing enjoys an evil repute in Scotland. In the Middle Ages it was called "the ungrateful bird," because it yearly came to Scotland to breed, and then returned to England with its young to feed the enemy. In later days the Covenanters detested it, from its habit of flying up and wheeling with screams around them, and so betraying them to the dragoons. It is protected at present by our Bird Bill during the breeding season, from March 1st to August 1st. Although this legislation dates only from the last few years, the lapwing was the subject of curiously contradictory Bird Bills from early times in Scotland. Thus, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries it was forbidden to destroy the nests or eggs of ro. Yet, in 1600, plovers were expressly excepted in the Act forbidding the sale of fowls hunted by hawks, and it is there laid down that they may be "slayne with nettes and utheris Ingynes not forbidden by the lawes of this Realme." Lastly, there is much truth, as we have explained, not in Scotland only, in the eminently "canny" Scotch proverb on the lapwing, "the peaseweep aye cries farthest frae his ain nest."

M. G. WATKINS



MESSRS. W. MARSHALL AND CO.—W. M. Hutchinson, already well known as a writer of charming ballads, has composed a cantata, which shows that he has the gift of writing concerted as well as solo music. "The Story of Elaine" is the title of the cantata, the libretto is by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone; a chorus, S., A., T., B., and four soloists, one to each part, are required. The story is simple and fanciful, poetically set. The music is bright and melodious. There are eight pretty choruses, and a song for each solo voice. A trio (S., A., B.), "The Misty Moonlight Softly Falls," is very elegant, and smoothly written; it would please in the concert-room. The favourite piece in the cantata will surely be No. 8, recitative and solo (contralto), "Why Are Thy Eyes Like The Vilets Dew Laden?" the vulgarism of "the viles" is objectionable, and may be avoided by omitting the article, and substituting the syllable that is left out. We hope to hear this admirable little work in the course of the coming season, as it is equally well adapted to the drawing-room and the concert-room.

MISCELLANEOUS.—A clever little pamphlet by Robert White is "Nature's Solfeggio: or, Singing Simplified." A vocal student who steadily reads, marks, learns, and digests it will pile up a fair amount of information therefrom (Messrs. J. B. Cramer and Co.).—"The Spirit of Love," written and composed by F. B. Dowton and J. P. Knight, is a pleasing song for a soprano, compass from D to E in the middle register.—There is decided originality in a song written and composed by Percy G. Mocatta, entitled "Two Pictures," but there is great affectation in the title page "inscription" drawn, musically painted, and dedicated to Miss Tiny White (Messrs. W. Morley and Co.).—"Fairy Freaks Schottische," known also as "Vin Santé," by Louis F. Goddard, is sure to be a favourite with all dancers; the melody is catching and the tune so well marked.—"Happy Love Quadrilles," by the above composer, are commonplace enough, but the time is well marked, and they are not difficult. A "Valse de Concert" for the pianoforte is easy and brilliant (Messrs. Goddard and Co.).—Now that the gavotte is again in fashion the music for that elegant dance will be in great demand. "The Little Partner Gavotte," by T. H. Barnett, will prove acceptable as not only being pretty, but useful (T. H. Barnett).—"The Zamora Polka," by Edward A. Sutton, is tuneful and danceable (Messrs. Conrad Herzog and Co.).—A pianoforte piece that will produce a thrilling effect at a People's Concert, or any other popular musical entertainment, is "The Battle of Tel-el-Kebir," a descriptive fantasia composed by no less a personage than William Spark, organist of the Town Hall, Leeds, &c. (Edwin Ashdown).—Vigorous and spirited is "The Wolsey March," by Mrs. Mounsey Bartholomew (Messrs. Duncan Davison and Co.).—There is more local than general interest in "The Pembroke Polka," composed for, and dedicated to, the Pembroke Rowing Club, by James B. Helsby (J. Brown).

THE HOROSCOPE

(FROM THE FRENCH OF FRANÇOIS COPPÉE)

BEFORE a blear-eyed crane, a withered hag,
Who told maids' fortunes, two fair sisters sto
Watching her bony fingers void of blood
Drop cards prophetic on an outspread rag.

Brunette and blonde those sisters, fair as morn,
This white anemone, that poppy brown,
This crest of spring, and that of autumn crown,
Both hoping for the birth of hours unborn.

"Your life will pass in pain and dreariment,"
So spake the Sibyl to the proud brunet.
"But he," she whispered, "he will love me yet?"
"Yes." "Be it so then. I shall be content."

Next spake the witch to her with snow-white breast,
"That you shall ne'er be loved 'tis writ above."
"But I," she whispered, "I at least shall love."
"Yes." "Be it so then. Thus shall I be blest."

JAMES NEW

WISDOM IS THE ONLY SOURCE OF REAL HAPPINESS, AND THE ONLY GOAL WORTHY OF A MAN'S AMBITION.

THE GREATEST BLESSING
THE HUMAN MIND CAN CONCEIVE.
A ROYAL and NOBLE EXAMPLE!!!

REFERRING to the continued manifestations of interest in sanitary science by members of the Royal Family—in short, in all matters affecting the health of the people—he remarked that if all the owners of cottages in the Empire exercised some sanitary care that had been exercised in the cottages on her Majesty's private estates, the general sickness and death-rate would be reduced one-third; in other words, it would be as if on every third year there were a Jubilee.

AND NO SICKNESS.

AND NO DEATHS!!!
An Address by Dr. W. B. Richardson, F.R.S., &c., &c., at the Ladies' Sanitary Association.

WITH EACH BOTTLE of FRUIT SALT is wrapped a Large Illustrated Sheet, showing the best means of stamping out infectious diseases, Fevers, and Poisons, &c. If this invaluable information was universally carried out, many forms of disease now producing such havoc would cease to exist, as Plague, Leprosy, &c., have done, when the true cause has become known.

IMPORTANT TO ALL.—Especially to Consuls, Ship Captains, Emigrants, and Europeans generally, who are visiting or residing in hot or foreign climates, or in the United Kingdom. As a natural product of nature, use ENO'S FRUIT SALT, prepared from Sound Ripe Fruit. As you cannot estimate its great value in keeping the BLOOD PURE. Without such a simple precaution the JEOPARDY of life is immensely increased. As a means of keeping the system clear, and thus taking away the groundwork of Malarious Diseases and all Liver Complaints, or as a Health-giving, Refreshing, Cooling, and Invigorating Beverage, or as a gentle Laxative and Tonic in the various forms of Indigestion.

ENO'S FRUIT SALT is particularly valuable. No Traveller should leave home without a supply, for by its use the most dangerous forms of FEVERS, POISONS, &c., are prevented, and cured. It is, in truth, a FAMILY MEDICINE, BEST in the simplest yet most potent form. Instead of being lowering to the system, this preparation is, in the highest degree, invigorating. Its effect in relieving thirst, giving tone to the system, aiding digestion, is most striking.

FOR BILIOUSNESS or SICK HEADACHE, GIDDINESS, Depression of Spirits, Sluggish Liver, Vomiting, Sourness of the Stomach, Heartburn, Impure Blood and Skin Eructions, &c., ENO'S FRUIT SALT is the best remedy yet introduced. It removes, by a natural means, effete matter or poison不解 and last, thereby preventing and curing Boils, Carbuncles, Fevers, Feverish Skin, Erysipelas, &c., and Epidemics, and counters many ERRORS OF EATING OR DRINKING, or any sudden mental or mental strain, and prevents diarrhea. It is a pleasant beverage, which supplies the want of ripe fruit, so essential to the animal economy, and may be taken as an invigorating and cooling drink under any circumstances from infancy to old age, and may be continued for any length of time, and looked upon as being a simple product of fruit. It is impossible to overstate its value, and no household ought to be without it, for by its use many disastrous results may be entirely prevented. In the nursery it is beyond praise.

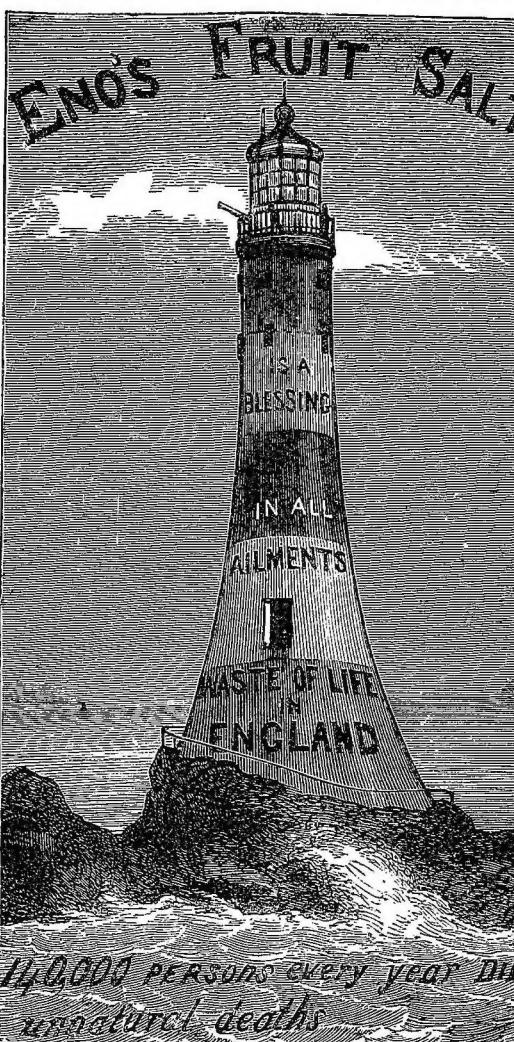
Newwithstanding its medical value, the FRUIT SALT must be looked upon as essential as breathing fresh air, or as a simple and safe beverage under all circumstances, and may be taken as a sparkling and refreshing draught in the same way as lemonade, soda water, potash water, &c., only it is much cheaper and better in every sense of the term to an unlimited extent.

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"Sir, I am yours gratefully,

Dr. J. HANSON, M.A.

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When the charred burning ladder breaks short 'neath

He flings his arms wildly—one swift muttered prayer—

And the child and its saviour are hurled in the street!

Quick eyes saw the fall—strong arms caught the child,

In safety twas clasped to the mother's fond breast—

But Jack—my old comrade—God bless his brave heart!

In doing his duty—had gone to his rest!

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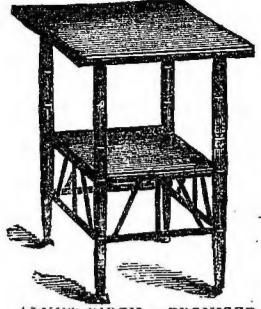
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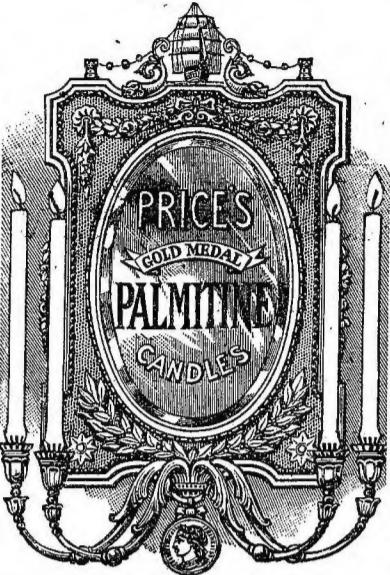
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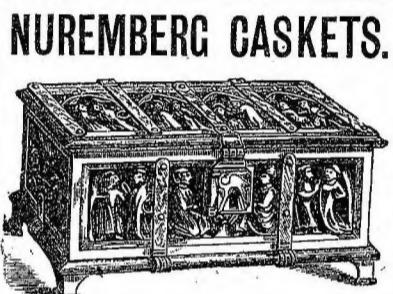
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